



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

TX 428.42 .H645 BK.2
Hill, Daniel Harvey,
Hill readers /

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 04924 9100

The
HILL
READERS

BOOK TWO

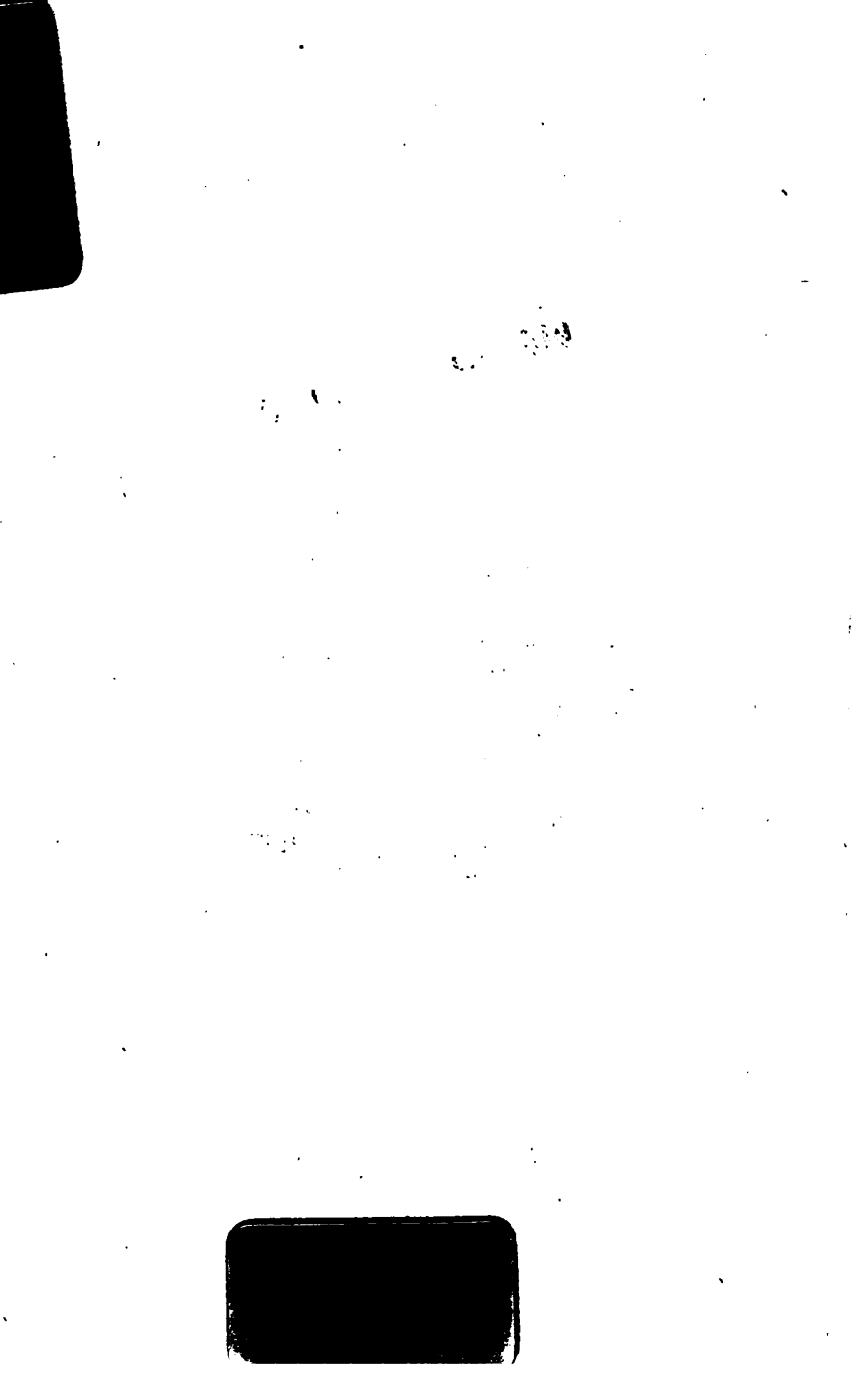
GINN
AND
COMPANY

Tx.

428.42

H645

Bk. 2



DEPARTMENT OF
EDUCATION
RECEIVED

MAR 5 1919

LELAND STANFORD
JUNIOR UNIVERSITY



THE HILL READERS

BY

DANIEL HARVEY HILL

AND

FRANK LINCOLN STEVENS

OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS

AND

CHARLES WILLIAM BURKETT

OF THE KANSAS STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

PRESENTED TO *Santa Clara* CO. LIBRARY
BOOK TWO

By GINN & CO., 717 Market St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

GINN & COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

588476

C

COPYRIGHT, 1906, 1907

BY GINN & COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

68.3

The Athenæum Press

GINN & COMPANY • PRO-
PRIETORS • BOSTON • U.S.A.

PREFACE

In the preparation of this book two things have been kept steadily in mind: first, the limited mental experience of a child in its second year at school; second, the burden of work laid on the teacher who is trying to train children to become interested and intelligent readers.

To keep within the grasp of immature experience the selections presented are simple and so varied as to touch child life at many points. To lighten the burden of the teacher the selections are taken only from writers who have mastered the art of entertaining children with worthy literature.

Thanks are due to the Butterick Publishing Company for Mrs. Cooke's *Son Rabbit's Pony*; to Dana Estes & Co. for Laura E. Richards's *Once Upon a Time* and *The Jacket*; to A. Flanagan Co. for *How the Robin got its Red Breast* and *How the Woodpecker got its Red Head*, taken from Cooke's *Myths*; to A. C. McClurg & Co. for E. Nesbit's *Baby Seed Song*; to Ginn & Company for Miss Wiltse's *Henny Penny* and her

adaptation of *The Moon in the Mill Pond*, and for Frances L. Strong's *Legend of the Dandelion* and *The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean*; to Harper & Brothers for Gertrude Smith's *Runaway Janey*; and to the Public School Publishing Company for *The Wind*, from *Songs of the Treetop and Meadow*. The selection from Longfellow and the adaptation from Harris are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of their works.

The editors thankfully acknowledge their indebtedness to Mrs. A. C. Stevens, of Raleigh, formerly training teacher in the Columbus Normal School, for invaluable aid in the preparation of this book.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
SON RABBIT'S PONY—I	9
SON RABBIT'S PONY—II	11
SLEEPY HARRY	13
A FOOLISH JUMP	14
THE JUMPERS—I	16
THE JUMPERS—II	17
I AM THE WIND	19
THE PRINCE AND THE SOLDIERS	20
THE FOX AND THE GOAT	22
THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES—I	23
THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES—II	25
CORAL. <i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	28
ONCE UPON A TIME. <i>Laura E. Richards</i>	29
THE SPRING OF YOUTH—I	31
THE SPRING OF YOUTH—II	32
THE LAZY BOY AND THE CHERRIES	34
THE LION AND THE ELEPHANT	37
PEEP AND DOWNY—I	39
PEEP AND DOWNY—II	41
PEEP AND DOWNY—III	43
CRYING FOR THE MOON	46
HIAWATHA	49
HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS. <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	52
RUNAWAY JANEY—I. <i>Gertrude Smith</i>	54
RUNAWAY JANEY—II. <i>Gertrude Smith</i>	58

	PAGE
THE TREES (For Memorizing)	61
THE BRIDGE IN THE SKY. <i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	62
HENNY PENNY. <i>Sara E. Wiltse</i>	63
A RIDDLE	68
THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD-NIGHT. <i>Eliza Lee Follen</i> . . .	69
HOW THE ROBIN GOT ITS RED BREAST. <i>Flora J. Cooke</i> .	71
A WISE DOG—I	75
A WISE DOG—II	76
MR. SQUIRREL'S SURPRISE	78
THE WIND. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	81
HALF CHICK—I	83
HALF CHICK—II	86
HALF CHICK—III	88
THE PROUD WEATHER VANE	92
THE BEE (For Memorizing). <i>Julia C. Dorr</i>	94
HOW THE WOODPECKER GOT ITS RED HEAD. <i>Flora J. Cooke</i>	95
THE DONKEY AND THE SALT. <i>Æsop</i>	99
THE STORY OF PETERKIN—I	101
THE STORY OF PETERKIN—II	104
THE STORY OF PETERKIN—III	106
THE STORY OF PETERKIN—IV	108
THE STORY OF PETERKIN—V	110
THE STORY OF PETERKIN—VI	111
EVENING SONG (For Memorizing).	113
LEGEND OF THE DANDELION. <i>Frances L. Strong</i>	114
THE PINE TREE—I	117
THE PINE TREE—II	120
THE PIG AND THE WORLD—I	123
THE PIG AND THE WORLD—II	125

CONTENTS

7

PAGE

THE MOUSE THAT LOST HER GREAT LONG TAIL . . .	127
BABY SEED SONG. <i>E. Nesbit</i>	129
A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM	130
MICHAEL ANGELO	131
THOR'S HAMMER—I	134
THOR'S HAMMER—II	136
THOR'S HAMMER—III	137
THOR'S HAMMER—IV	138
THOR'S HAMMER—V	140
THOR'S HAMMER—VI	141
THOR'S HAMMER—VII	143
A VISIT TO THE BLACKSMITH	145
CRADLE SONG (For Memorizing). <i>From the Gaelic</i> . . .	150
HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD LUCK—I	151
HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD LUCK—II . . .	154
BIRD THOUGHTS (For Memorizing)	157
THE MOON IN THE MILL POND—I. <i>Sara E. Wiltse</i> . .	158
THE MOON IN THE MILL POND—II. <i>Sara E. Wiltse</i> .	160
THE OWL. <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	163
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN—I	164
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN—II	167
ONE AND ONE. <i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i>	171
THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN. <i>Frances L. Strong</i>	173
THE JACKET. <i>Laura E. Richards</i>	177
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST? <i>Lydia Maria Child</i> . .	179
THE LITTLE ROSALIE. <i>F. O. Ticknor</i>	183

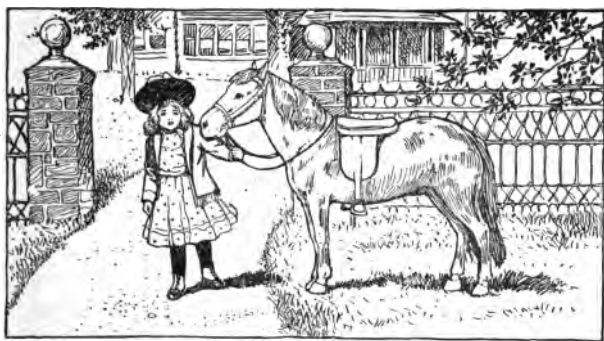


THE HILL READERS

BOOK TWO

SON RABBIT'S PONY — I

arms only own enough hop sad



Little Girl had a beautiful white and brown pony.

Son Rabbit wanted one too.

So Little Girl would sometimes take him in her arms when she went to ride.

But that was no fun at all.

Son Rabbit wanted a pony of his own.

He asked Mother Rabbit about it first.

"Please, mother, I want a pony.

I want a white and brown pony just like Little Girl's, only not so big."

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" said Mother Rabbit. "What could we do with a white and brown pony?

It could not live in our nest, and we could not leave it out in the rain.

Then there are no ponies small enough for rabbits like you."

"O mother! I must have a pony," said Son Rabbit.

"My dear son," said Mother Rabbit, "I am afraid you will have to hop on your little feet just as your brothers do."

Then Son Rabbit told Little Girl, and Little Girl too said there were no ponies small enough for rabbits.

Then Son Rabbit was very sad.

SON RABBIT'S PONY — II

tag trotted wonderful carry thought



One day Little Girl and Son Rabbit and Rex were playing tag.

- Little Girl was running after Son Rabbit. Son Rabbit was running very fast.

All at once he jumped upon Rex's back. That made Rex run faster than ever.

Away they went round and round the yard as fast as they could go.

"Go on, Rex! go on!" said Son Rabbit.

"See! see!" said Little Girl to mamma.

"See, Son Rabbit has a pony! Son Rabbit has a pony — a brown and white pony!"

Son Rabbit thought it was great fun to ride Rex.

"This is my pony," he said.

"This is the white and brown pony I said I wanted.

I can make him carry me wherever I want to go."

So it came about that Son Rabbit had a pony after all.

And when Little Girl went to school on her pony, Rex trotted beside her with Son Rabbit on his back.

All the other little rabbits ran out to look as they went by.

"O mother!" they said; "look at Son Rabbit. Isn't he wonderful?"

Adapted from

Son Riley Rabbit and Little Girl

SLEEPY HARRY

song fie wakened curtains children



Get up, little boy, you are sleeping too long;
Your brother is dressed and singing a song,
And you must be wakened, — oh ! fie !

Come, open the curtains, and let in the light,
For children should only be sleepy at night,
When stars may be seen in the sky.

A FOOLISH JUMP

crack	side	might	high
or	dare	wide	stood
both	touched	ran	

“You cannot jump that,” said a sheep to a goat.

They were on a high rock. In the rock was a deep crack.

The grass on the other side was green and beautiful, but the crack was too wide for a goat or a sheep to jump.

They stood awhile looking at it.

“You dare not jump that and you know it,” said the goat.

“You dare not and you know it,” said the sheep.

“I do dare,” said the goat.

“So do I dare,” said the sheep.

“Let me see you do it,” cried both of them together.

They stood very still, and then together they ran and jumped with all their might.

It was too great a jump for the sheep. Down, down she went.

The goat only touched the other side of the wide crack, and then down, down he too fell.

They fell on sharp rocks and were much hurt.

A man helped them out, but for a long time they were so lame that they could not run or play.

My name is

I live in

I am old.

I go to the school.

THE JUMPERS — I

bowed	daughter	highest	king
people	politely	crown	flea
themselves	grasshopper	best	

Once a Flea, a Grasshopper, and a Toad wished to see who could jump the highest.

“I will give a crown to the best jumper,” said the King.

The Flea came first.

He bowed politely.

The Flea had always lived with people, you see.

That is why he was so polite.

Then came the Grasshopper.

He was not so polite as the Flea, but he looked very beautiful in his green coat.

The Flea and the Grasshopper had much to say about themselves.

The Toad only hopped a little nearer to the King's daughter.

THE JUMPERS — II

turn	nothing	wise	half
rude	princess	won	face
right	shown	lap	



It was the Flea's turn to jump first.

He jumped very high, so high that no one could see him.

The Grasshopper jumped only half as high as the Flea had jumped.

He jumped right into the King's face.

"You are very rude," said the King.

Now it was the Toad's turn.

He stood for a long time thinking.

"Ah! He is afraid," said the dog.

All at once the Toad made a jump into the lap of the King's daughter.

"There is nothing higher than my daughter," said the King.

"The Toad has made the highest jump of all.

He has shown that he is wise."

So the Toad won the crown.



I AM THE WIND

blow blast loud gentle child roar
close window quiet door mild

I am the wind

And I come very fast.

Through the tall wood

I blow a loud blast.

Sometimes I am soft

As a sweet, gentle child,

I play with the flowers,

I'm quiet and mild,

And then out so loud

All at once I can roar ;

If you wish to be quiet,

Close window and door.

I am the wind

And I come very fast.

Through the tall wood

I blow a loud blast.



THE PRINCE AND THE SOLDIERS

bathed	begged	nurse	palace
family	soldier	father	dirty
	salute		

Once there was a little prince who did not like to be bathed.

One day the little boy begged his nurse to let him go without bathing for just one day.

The nurse asked the king, his father, what she was to do.

The king said, "Let the prince do as he wishes to-day."

Now all about the king's palace there were soldiers.

The soldiers had to salute the king and his family.

The little prince liked very much to have the soldiers salute him.

He looked for them every morning.

On this day, as he ran about the palace grounds, he saw a soldier.

He stopped for the man to salute, but the soldier only looked at the little prince.

The prince ran on to another soldier, and he too looked but did not salute.

He then went from soldier to soldier, but not one of them would salute him.

Then he ran to the palace, crying, "Father, father, your soldiers will not salute me."

"They do right," said the king. "My soldiers do not salute a dirty little prince."

After that the boy wished to be bathed every day.

wake	awake	kind	unkind
woke	awoke	like	unlike
way	away	happy	unhappy
round	around	tied	untied
sleep	asleep	ripe	unripe
while	awhile	hurt	unhurt

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

fox drank need neither nor
clear move feet safely

A fox fell into a well.

A goat came along and saw the fox.

The fox said: "This water is very clear and fine. Come and try it. You need not be afraid."

The goat jumped down and drank.

Then he found that he could not get out of the well.

He begged the fox to help him.

The fox said: "Put your front feet on the side of the well and do not move.

I will run up your back, jump out, and then help you out."

The goat did as the fox told him, and the fox got out safely, but he neither waited to help the goat nor came near the well again.

THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES—I

to-morrow	early	ready	waits	word
speckled	late	listen	yet	grew

One spring a lark made her nest in a field of wheat.

Soon Mother Lark was sitting on some speckled eggs in the nest.

In a short time there were five baby larks to be fed.

Then Mother Lark had to work early and late to find food for her babies.

Through the bright sunny days the little larks grew.

The wheat too grew tall and golden.

It was ready to be cut before the larks were ready to fly from their nest.

One morning Mother Lark went out to find some food for her little ones.

“The wheat is ripe,” she said to them.
“The farmer may come to see it to-day.

Listen to every word he says.

Tell me when I come back all that you hear him say."

Soon the farmer and his son came to see the wheat.

"Our wheat is ripe," said the farmer.
"It must be cut.



We will ask our friends to come and cut it to-morrow."

Soon Mother Lark came back.

"O mother, mother!" cried all the little larks together; "we must move out of the field at once.

The farmer and his son have been here.

They have sent word to their friends to cut the wheat to-morrow."

"We need not move yet, my dears," said Mother Lark.

"But the wheat is to be cut to-morrow, mother," said the little ones.

"Not if the farmer waits for his friends," said the wise mother.

THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES—II

next	cousins	heard	bind
fall	himself	frightened	

The next day the farmer came again to look at his wheat.

"This wheat is very ripe," he said. "It must be cut.

Go, my son, and ask our cousins to come and help us cut it to-morrow."

The little larks heard every word the farmer said.

They were much frightened.

By and by Mother Lark came home.

“Mother! mother!” cried the little larks;
“the farmer has been here again.”



He has sent his son to ask his cousins to help him cut the wheat. Now we know that we must move.”

“Do not be afraid,” said Mother Lark.

“But the wheat is to be cut to-morrow,” cried the frightened young larks.

“Not if the farmer waits for his cousins,” said Mother Lark.

“His friends did not come to-day. His cousins will not come to-morrow.”

In the morning the farmer and his sons came early to the wheat.

They waited and waited. No cousins came to help them.

"My son," said the farmer, "this grain must be cut.

We can wait no longer for help. To-morrow I will cut it and you may bind it."

"Mother! mother!" cried the young larks; "the farmer has been here again.

To-morrow he is coming to the field to cut the wheat himself.

"Must we not move now?"

"Yes, yes," said Mother Lark. "It is time to move now.

Come with me to the meadow."

The next morning the farmer cut the wheat himself.

From the near-by meadow the wise old lark and her children watched him.

They saw the ripe grain fall over their old nest.

CORAL

sailor pluck dig ashore
feeble stormy sea

O sailor, come ashore !

What have you brought for me ?

Red coral, white coral,

Coral from the sea.

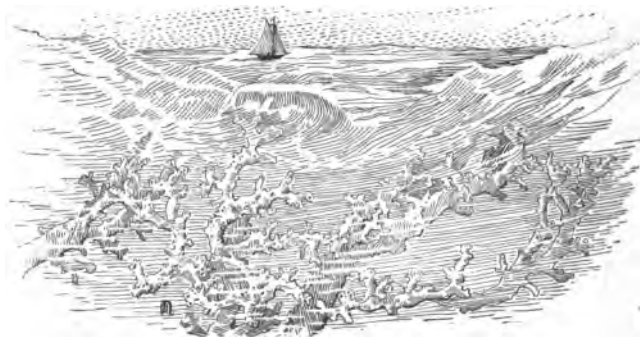
I did not dig it from the ground,

Nor pluck it from a tree ;

Feeble insects made it

In the stormy sea.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



ONCE UPON A TIME

breath	bottle	cold	lips	mean
doctor	sirup	wee	hear	learn
dreadful	medicine	teaspoon		

Once upon a time there was a little girl, just like you, who could not count two.

She had a dreadful time about it.

She did not know that she had two feet, so she sometimes put on only one of her shoes.

She did not know that she had two eyes, so she would sometimes go to sleep with one eye and stay awake with the other.

She did not know that she had two ears, so she would sometimes hear half of what her mamma said, and not hear the other.

One day mamma called to her and said, "May, I want you to take this sirup and put it away."

Now May was listening with only one ear, and so she heard only the first half of what

mamma said: "I want you to take this sirup." That was what she heard.

She liked the sirup very much, for her mamma gave her just a little in a teaspoon when she had a cold. She had always wished mamma would give her more.

Now she was just to "take it." That must mean to take all that there was in the bottle, if she liked. She put the bottle to her lips and took a good long drink.

She stopped to take breath. Then the sirup did not seem to be good any longer. She put the bottle down.

Oh — dear — me! Very soon May was the very sickest little girl you ever saw.

Mamma put her to bed. The doctor came, and she had to take four kinds of medicine before she was well.

So now, you see, it is always well for little wee girls to learn to count two.

LAURA E. RICHARDS

THE SPRING OF YOUTH — I

brave rich gray indeed
dreamed strange wrinkled



Many years ago
there lived a man
who was brave and
strong and rich,
but he was very
unhappy.

Do you wonder
at that?

He was old and
he wished to be
young.

I think he would have liked to be a little
boy again.

All day long he did nothing but wish.

At night he dreamed that he was young,
and that was indeed a beautiful dream to
him.

When morning came he was still old and wrinkled and gray.

One day he heard a strange story about a wonderful spring.

It was called the "Spring of Youth."

If he could bathe in its waters, he would be made young again.

This spring was in a country far over the blue sea.

THE SPRING OF YOUTH — II

surely	sight	famous	land
sail	seek	rise	ship

Then Ponce de Leon, for that was the man's name, sent for the bravest sailors he could find.

He had a great, strong ship made ready, and set out at once to find this new country and its famous spring.

The good ship sailed for many days.

It sailed far over the sea.

One bright morning the sailors saw a wonderful sight.

Tall trees and beautiful flowers seemed to rise out of the blue water.

"Surely this is the land we seek," said Ponce de Leon.

"We will call this beautiful land Florida."

Florida means "Land of Flowers."

The great ship came near the shore, and the brave men began at once to look for the wonderful Spring of Youth.

After many days they found a spring of bright clear water.

"This is the Spring of Youth," cried Ponce de Leon.

He bathed many times in its waters, but he was still old and wrinkled and gray.

"Now I know that I shall never be young," said he.

Then the good ship sailed away.

Many people have looked for the Spring of Youth, but no one has ever found it.



THE LAZY BOY AND THE CHERRIES

town lazy road picked smith shop
stoop cents cherry few sweet

One day a father and his son were on their way to town.

The day was very warm, and the boy was a little lazy.

“Here,” said the father, “is a horseshoe in the road. Do you not want to pick it up, my son?”

“Not I,” said the boy. “Why should I stoop for an old horseshoe?”

The father did not say a word, but picked up the horseshoe and walked on.

By and by the two came to a smith's shop.

“Here, Mr. Smith,” said the father, “what will you give me for this horseshoe?”

“Five cents,” said the smith.

“Very well,” said the father. He took the five cents and walked on.

At a house by the road a pretty girl had some baskets of ripe cherries.

“May I sell you some of my sweet cherries?” the girl asked politely.

“For what will you sell me a basket?” asked the father.

“For five cents,” said the girl.

The man gave her five cents for a basket and walked on.

The boy wished for a few cherries, but he thought of the horseshoe and walked on.

By and by his eyes fell on a cherry in the road. He picked it up and ate it.

Then after a while he saw another cherry, and then another and another.

Each time he stooped and picked up the cherry. He did this many times.

At last his father said: "My son, you have stooped for the cherries many times. Would it not have been better to have stooped once for the horseshoe?"

Fill these blanks:

Here is a man.

See this goose.

Here are two

See these

Our baby has a tooth.

Eat the cherry.

Your baby has two

Eat the

I saw a mouse.

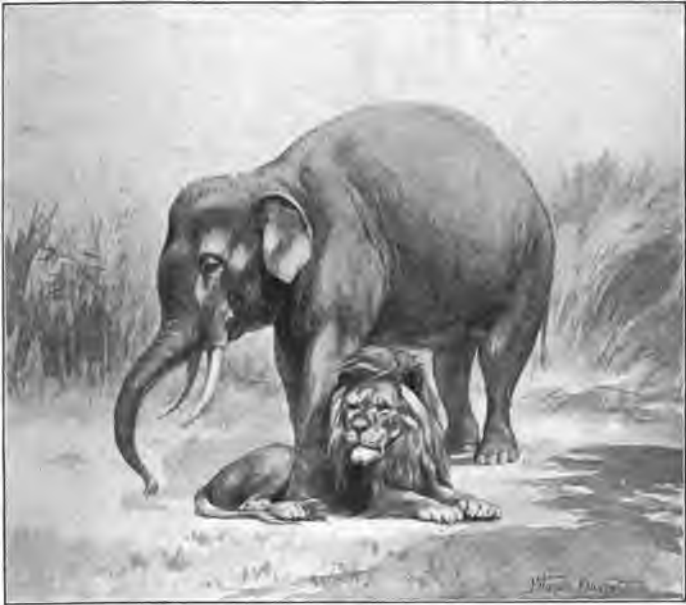
Sell this ox.

He saw four

Sell these

THE LION AND THE ELEPHANT

manners plain perhaps beasts horns
hardly tusks shaking donkey ox



Once upon a time a lion and an elephant were very good friends.

The other beasts thought that this was very strange indeed.

“Why should a lion care so much for a plain elephant?” they said.

“Surely,” said one, “the elephant is not beautiful.”

“And what rude manners he has!” said another.

“Now if he had a bushy tail like mine,” said the fox, “no one would wonder that the lion is pleased with him.”

“If he had soft fur like mine,” said the bear, “the lion might be pleased with its beauty; but, as every one knows, he really has no coat at all.”

“Perhaps the lion thinks his tusks are horns,” said the ox.

“If the elephant only had beautiful horns like mine, no one would wonder that the lion is pleased with him.”

“I know,” said the donkey, shaking his long ears; “I know why the lion is pleased with the elephant. It is because of his beautiful ears.”

PEEP AND DOWNY—I

fence	bug	head	creature
world	flew	low	quickly
nice	voice	stared	



There was a little hole in the chicken yard fence and Downy saw it.

“O Peep!” he cried to his brother; “come and see what I have found.”

Peep came as quickly as he could. Downy put his head through the hole and looked about.

“I see a nice grasshopper,” he said.

“Let’s get it,” said Peep.

First Downy and then Peep jumped through the hole, and when they were outside they saw a wonderful sight.

What a big, big world they saw !

They both ran after the grasshopper, but he jumped so far and jumped so fast that they could not catch him.

"We don't care," said Peep ; "there's a fine bug."

But the bug flew high and the bug flew low, and he flew so far that they could not catch him.

"If things would only keep quiet, what a nice dinner we could have !" said Downy.

All at once as they ran they came right upon the strangest creature they had ever seen.

Its body was dark brown, and two big eyes stared hard at the little chickens and frightened them.

But a kind voice said : "Good morning, Chicky White, and good morning, Chicky Brown. Are you looking for a dinner ?"

PEEP AND DOWNY — II

dropped	lesson	bad	visit
laughing	tongue	sir	air
naughty	rolling	dart	smell



Little Downy was very much afraid, but he peeped, “Yes, sir; and who are you?”

“I am Grandpa Toad, and I am out for a little walk, to get a breath of air, to smell the flowers, and find something for my dinner.”

“You don’t eat chickens, do you?” cried little Peep.

“Oh dear me, no!” said Grandpa Toad, laughing; “you would be much more likely to eat me.”

The little chickens looked at each other, and said, "Just think of our eating a great big toad!"

"Why did n't Mrs. Hen come with you?" asked the Toad.

Then the naughty chickens had to tell that they had run away.

"That is very bad," said Grandpa Toad, rolling his eyes round and round. "So long as you are here, I must take care of you. I will give you a lesson in catching insects.

If you will walk along with me, we will go into the garden where the bees and butterflies come to visit the flowers.

That is where I catch insects.

I hide near a sweet flower and when Mr. Fly or Mr. Bee comes sailing along, I dart out my tongue and catch him."

"How fine!" said Peep.

Mr. Toad dropped his eyes and then said, "If you want to make a good catch, do not run after the bees or butterflies.

Just be quiet and wait, and they will surely come near you.

Then you can run out and catch them."

"Thank you," said Downy, politely. "You are very kind to tell us about it."

PEEP AND DOWNY — III

whispered	pull	lady	taught
punish	until	caught	spot
cool	easier	mouth	end



Then Grandpa Toad and the chickens ran under some big leaves.

Very soon a butterfly came sailing along and dropped on a flower near them.

"Now!" whispered the toad; and up jumped Peep and caught it.

"That's the way," said Mr. Toad.

"Now if you want to find good worms," he said, "you must find a cool, dark spot. Then you must wait until you see the worms just peeping out.

Scratch in the ground quickly, and pull the worm out."

"We know how to do that," said Peep. "Mother taught us."

"See, there is one now!" cried Downy.

He caught it in his sharp bill and pulled and pulled until it came out of the ground.

He was just getting it out when Peep pulled it out of his mouth and ran off.

At last Downy caught one end of the worm, and then each chicken pulled as hard as he could.

Mr. Toad, shaking his head, said: "What bad manners! They would do for chickens, but they would be bad for toads."

Just then they heard the “Cluck, cluck!” of their mother, and they knew that she was saying “Come, come!”

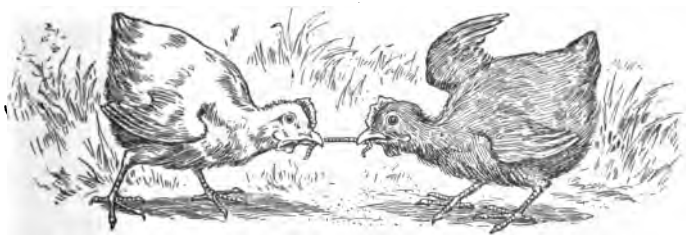
They ran to look for the little hole through which they had come, but try as they would they could not find it.

“It is often easier to get *into* trouble than it is to get *out* of it,” thought Mr. Toad.

The chickens ran here and there, crying “Peep, peep!” as loud as they could.

At last their cries brought the lady from the house, who caught them and took them to their mother.

What Mrs. Hen did to punish them I never knew, for the door was closed.



CRYING FOR THE MOON

born	reward	shone	promised
even	large	done	queen
	servants	clapped	evening



Ever and ever so many years ago in a far-away country there was born a beautiful little baby.

All the people were happy, for the baby boy was a prince, and one day would be their king.

The King and Queen loved the baby dearly, and said that he must always have everything he wished for as soon as it could be found.

The baby prince had a nurse, as many babies do, and he also had servants to go about with him and care for him.

One evening, before he closed his eyes in sleep, he began to cry, and to hold out his little hands as if to catch something.

The servants brought him every pretty thing they could think of; but he only turned away and cried louder than ever.

Every one was greatly troubled.

What was to be done? Could any one tell what he wanted?

At last one of the King's servants who was wiser than the others said: "I see, I see. It is the moon he wants."

Now their trouble was greater than before; for the moon could never be brought down from the sky, not even for a prince.

The King promised a large reward to any one who would help him.

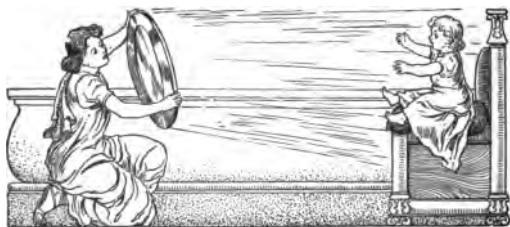
After a long time there came to the palace a wise man, bringing with him a wonderful, shining plate.

As evening came on he had the nurse sit by the window and hold the plate so that the baby could look into its bright face.

By and by the great round moon came sailing up into the sky, and shone right down into the wonderful plate.

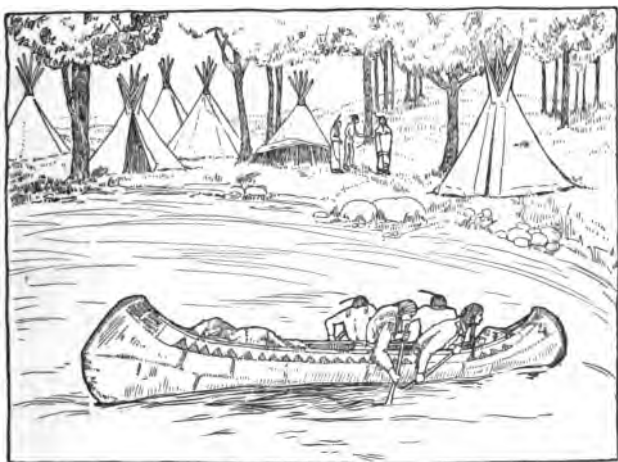
So at last, you see, the baby had the moon. How he laughed and clapped his little hands!

The King too was much pleased and was glad to give the wise man his reward. I think he had won it, don't you?



HIAWATHA

linden	wigwams	forests	skins
trunks	clothing	hung	died
shade	fishing	cradle	bark



When the white men first came to this country they found some strange people living here.

These people were called Indians.

Sometimes the white men called them Red Men.

These Red Men did not live in houses as we do, but made their homes in the shade of trees.

At night they often made their beds from the sweet pine branches.

From the bark of other trees they made their wigwams.

From the great trunks they made their boats for sailing and fishing.

The animals gave the Indians food, and also gave them skins for clothing.

So you see that these strange Red Men learned much about the trees, the birds, and the beasts.

One of the little Indian boys was named Hiawatha.

He was a pretty baby, just as pretty as your little baby brother or sister.

His mother, the gentle Wenonah, died when he was only a few days old.

Hiawatha's grandmother took the little baby to her own wigwam.

Hiawatha's grandmother was Nokomis.
Nokomis made Hiawatha a pretty cradle.
She made it from the bark of the linden
tree.

On sunny days, when the wind was warm,
she hung the cradle on the low branches of
the pine trees.

The soft wind rocked it gently, and in
this cradle the baby slept.

Nokomis taught Hiawatha many things.
She told him stories of the great round
world, of the moon sailing through the sky,
and of the beasts of the forests.

When Hiawatha was older and could run
about and play, the birds and the squirrels
played with him.



HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

reindeer	whene'er	secrets	lodges
language	beavers	swiftly	timid
	built	hid	

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



RUNAWAY JANEY—I

gatepost

meant

town

funny

licked

kissed

street

snake

believe

tossed

curls

fluttered



One day Janey said, "Mamma, did you ever run away when you were a little girl?"

Mamma laughed and said, "Yes, my dear; one day I ran away."

Janey said, "Where did you go when you ran away, and what did you do, mamma?"

“ Oh, I was very naughty. I ran away, away to the other end of this little street.”

“ What did your mamma do when you came home ? ”

“ Oh, I was a very little girl, so she only took me in her arms and kissed me.”

Janey went out and climbed up on the gatepost and looked far, far down to the end of the little street.

Just then a little robin flew down and sat on the other gatepost and looked at Janey.

“ I believe you know what I am thinking, you funny old robin. I believe you do,” said Janey.

The robin put his head on one side and said, “ Cheep, cheer ! cheep, cheep, cheer ! ” which meant, “ Yes, you little dear ; I know what you are thinking about.”

Janey said : “ Why is it naughty to run away, little robin ? You fly away whenever you like.”

The robin looked at Janey with his two bright eyes and said, "Cheep, cheer! cheep, cheer!" which meant, "But, my dear, you are a very little girl."

"O robin dear, I want to see what is away, away down at the other end of this little street."

At this the little robin fluttered his wings and flew away.

Janey jumped down from the gatepost, and away she went, hipty-hop, hipty-hop, down the street.

She tossed her curls and said, "I'm naughty; I know I am naughty, but I like to run away and see what I can see."

Just then a big black dog ran out of a yard and barked very loudly at Janey.

She stopped running and said, "I'm not afraid of you, you big black dog."

The big black dog came right up to Janey, and when he looked into her kind eyes he stopped barking and licked her hand.

A little old man looked over the garden fence. "Well, you are a wonder! Every child in this town is afraid of that big



black dog," said the little old man. But Janey only tossed her curls and said, "Oh, I'm not afraid of anything."

"What, not afraid of anything in this big round world?" said the old man.

Janey hung her head and said, "Well, I'm just a little afraid of a snake."

The little old man laughed. "Well, you dear child, there are no snakes in this town."

RUNAWAY JANEY — II

ache	pins	party	minute
life	candy	heart	cakes
tea	smiled	dollies	table

Janey ran on down the street, and the big black dog trotted along with her.

Very soon she came to a funny little shop, and she stopped and looked inside.

Then she went into the shop, and there sat a funny little Chinaman.

When the little Chinaman saw Janey, he called, "Hoo Hoo! Loo Loo!" That very minute two little Chinese children came running into the little shop.

The funny Chinese papa said, "Hoo Hoo and Loo Loo will play with you."

Janey clapped her hands and said: "Oh, how funny they are! They look like two live Chinese dollies."

Little Hoo Hoo and little Loo Loo looked just alike,—as much alike as two small pins.

Janey said, "What shall we play, you little dollies?"

Loo Loo said, "Play tea party."



Oh, what a funny little Chinese tea party they had in that funny little Chinese shop!

Janey had never eaten so many funny things in all her life, — tea in funny little green cups, funny Chinese cakes, Chinese candy, and Chinese nuts.

Janey laughed, and said, "It is fun to run away, but what will my mamma say?"

Then she jumped up from the tea table and said, "I must go home now because I ran away."

She said good-by to little Hoo Hoo and little Loo Loo and ran out of the little shop.

That night when Janey was in her bed, she said: "Mamma, I ran away to-day. I went down to the Chinese shop at the very end of the little street."

Her mamma said: "Why, Janey! Why did n't you ask me if you could go?"

And Janey said: "I know it was very naughty. The robin said so."

Mamma smiled and asked, "What did the robin say, little girl?"

Then Janey told mamma all about the little robin that sat on the gatepost and what she thought he said.

And mamma said, "O Janey dear! why did n't you listen to the robin?"

Janey put her arms around mamma's neck and said, "Because I was naughty."

And mamma said, "Are you happy when you are naughty, Janey?"

The little girl said, "No, no; I have a wee little ache in my heart when I am naughty."

Then mamma said, "Well, go to sleep, little girl, and never, never run away again, and you never, never will have that wee little ache in your heart."

Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Bros. Adapted from *Little Precious*

THE TREES

For Memorizing

I wonder if you 're thinking
How much we owe the trees, —
With green leaves lightly dancing
And whispering to the breeze?

They've fruits, so ripe and mellow,
Brown nuts for every one,
And shelter from the winter's cold,
And summer's burning sun.

THE BRIDGE IN THE SKY

heaven rivers across clouds prettier

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas ;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please ;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



HENNY PENNY

speak	teach	twice	stack
comb	thump	pea	cap
picking	piece	topknot	feathers

One bright sunny morning, as a hen was picking up peas under a pea stack, a pea fell on her topknot.

It fell with such a thump that she thought the sky was falling. "Cut, cut, cut!" said Henny Penny; "I must tell the king about that."

So she went and she went, until she met a cock with a bright red comb.

The cock said, "Where are you going, Henny Penny?"

And Henny Penny said, "O Cocky Locky! the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the king."

Cocky Locky said, "I will go with you, Henny Penny."

So Cocky Locky and Henny Penny went and went and went, until they met Chicken Licken.

Chicken Licken said, "Where are you going, Henny Penny and Cocky Locky?"



And they said, "O Chicken Licken! the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

Then Chicken Licken said, "I will go with you, Henny Penny and Cocky Locky."

So Henny Penny and Cocky Locky and Chicken Licken went and went and went, until they met Ducky Daddles.

Ducky Daddles said, "Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Chicken Licken?"

And they said, "O Ducky Daddles! the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Ducky Daddles said, "I will go with you, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Chicken Licken."

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, and Ducky Daddles went and went and went, until they met Goosey Loosey.

And Goosey Loosey said, "Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, and Ducky Daddles?"

And they said, "O Goosey Loosey! the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Goosey Loosey said, "I will go with you, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, and Ducky Daddles."

So they went and went and went, until they met Turkey Lurkey.

Turkey Lurkey said, "Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, Ducky Daddles, and Goosey Loosey?"

And they said, "The sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

Then Turkey Lurkey said, "I will go with you, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, Ducky Daddles, and Goosey Loosey."

So they went and they went and they went, until they came to the king's palace.

The king said, "What do you want, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey?"

And Henny Penny said, "O King! the sky is falling, and we came to tell you."

"But the sky cannot fall," said the king. "What made you think it was falling?"

Then Henny Penny said, "I was picking peas from the pea stack and something fell

on my topknot. I am sure it was a piece of the sky."

"Let me see," said the good and wise



king; and there in Henny Penny's topknot was a little pea caught in the feathers.

Then the king said, "Henny Penny, let this teach you to think twice before you speak,"

A little while after this they were seen walking slowly home, — Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey, each wearing a thinking cap. And never since that day have they been heard to say much but: “Kit, kit, ka-dah-cut”; “Cock-a-doodle-doo”; “Peep, peep”; “Quack, quack”; and “Gobble, gobble.”

Perhaps they mean by that, that the sky cannot fall.

From Folklore Stories

A RIDDLE

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.



THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD-NIGHT

sound	merry	sparkling	weary
shut	prayer	hidden	keep

The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound ;
'Tis time to say to all "Good-night!"
And give a kiss all round.

Good-night! my father, mother dear,
Now kiss your little son ;
Good-night! my friends, both far and near,
Good-night to every one.

Good-night! ye merry, merry birds,
Sleep well till morning light ;
Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You would have said "Good-night!"

To all my pretty flowers, good-night!
You blossom while I sleep ;
And all the stars that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there ;
'T is time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN



self ish	selfish	loud ly	loudly
boy ish	boyish	cold ly	coldly
girl ish	girlish	brave ly	bravely

Add *ish* to three other words.

Add *ly* to three other words.

HOW THE ROBIN GOT ITS RED BREAST

instead	sprang	growl	blaze	cave
fanned	freeze	north	tired	wet
happily	touched	bear	fire	spark

Long ago, in the far north, where it is very cold, there was only one fire.

An old man and his son took care of this fire and kept it burning day and night.

They knew that if the fire went out all the people would freeze, and the white bear would have the northland all to himself.

One day the old man was sick, so his son had everything to do.

For many days and nights the boy took care of his father and kept the fire from going out.

At last he was so tired and sleepy that he could no longer walk.

Now the white bear was always watching the fire.

He longed for the time when he should have the northland all to himself.

When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he stayed close to the fire and laughed to himself.

One night the little boy could keep awake no longer and fell sound asleep.

Then the white bear ran as fast as he could and jumped upon the fire with his wet feet and rolled upon it.

At last he thought it was all out, and went happily away to his cave.

A gray robin had been flying near, and had seen what the white bear was doing.

She waited until the bear had gone away.

Then she flew down and looked and looked with her sharp eyes until she found one little spark.

For a long time she fanned this spark with her wings.

Her breast was burned a bright red, but she did not give up.



After a while a fine red blaze sprang up. Then she flew away to every home in the northland.

Everywhere that she touched the ground a fire began to burn.

So that soon instead of one little fire all of the great northland was lighted up.

Now all that the white bear could do was to go back into his cave and growl.

For now, indeed, he knew that the northland was not all for him.

This is why the people in the north country love the robin. And they are never tired of telling their children how it got its red breast.

FLORA J. COOKE



A WISE DOG—I

master heavy beside foot joy paw boot

Dick was a big black dog. His master was Mr. Lane.

Mr. Lane had a white horse named Dandy.

When Mr. Lane rode Dandy, Dick liked to run beside him. The big dog would jump and bark with joy.

Sometimes he would take Mr. Lane's boot in his mouth and hold it there for a long time.

One day he was running beside the horse and holding his master's boot in this way.

Dandy went so fast that Dick found it hard to keep up with him.

As they were going along the street Dandy put down his heavy foot on Dick's soft black paw.

Poor Dick! How he cried! Then he ran away across the fields.

Mr. Lane began to wonder where the poor dog had gone.

He rode home, but no Dick came running out to meet him. No glad bark came from the house when he went in.

A WISE DOG — II

months

sore

matter

thorn



Where was Dick? He was sitting on the steps of the doctor's house.

Three months before this happened Dick had run a thorn into his foot. Mr. Lane could not get it out.

The foot was so sore that at last his master carried the dog to the doctor. The doctor took out the thorn. Now Dick had come to the doctor again.

When the doctor saw Dick sitting on the steps he said, "What is the matter, Dick?"

Dick held up his paw and cried.

"Oh, I see!" said the doctor. "You have hurt your foot. Yes, I think that I can make it well."

So the doctor went into the house and found something cool to put on the foot.

Before long Dick felt very much better. He looked up into the doctor's face and licked the kind hand that had helped him. That was the way he said, "Thank you."

Then he ran home to his master.

Was n't Dick a wise dog?

MR. SQUIRREL'S SURPRISE

autumn	snow	burst	shell	pushed
reaching	lulled	place	roots	cover
stretch	nap	pile	among	throw

A squirrel was playing among some oaks one lovely autumn day, when he found a pile of acorns.

“What a fine dinner!” he cried.

“I’ll cover these acorns and keep them until spring, for I have enough for winter. When mine are gone I’ll come for these.”

The little acorns heard him talking to himself, and laughed softly.

“Spring is a long way off, Mr. Squirrel, and you cannot be so sure of finding your acorns then.”

They lay very quiet where Mr. Squirrel had put them. Soon they could hear the cold winds blowing, but under the bright leaves the acorns lay safe and warm.

Then Jack Frost came, and the snow, like white wool, fell softly on their bed.

The wind singing through the trees lulled them to sleep and they had a long, long nap.

By and by they woke up.

“It must be nearly time for us to throw off this heavy cover and stretch up where



we can see the sky, for it will be spring before long,” said one.

“I can move,” said another.

“Oh!” cried another; “I have burst my shell, and now I am reaching up.”

Soon the little roots began to grow down deep into the earth, and the green plants

pushed their way through the darkness to a bright new world.

At first the ground was cold and hard; but soon beautiful flowers and green grass grew around them.

There were new leaves on the trees, and birds singing on the branches.

The little acorns were very happy, for they knew that they were to grow taller and more beautiful each year.

One day Mr. Squirrel came running along looking for his pile of acorns.

When he reached the place where the little oaks grew, he looked in surprise, for he was sure that they stood in the very spot where he had hidden his nuts.

“Well,” he said, after thinking a long, long time, “perhaps some hungry little squirrel has found my acorns and has taken them away. They were not so safe as I thought. But who can have put all these green things here, I wonder?”

THE WIND¹

kites pass skirts different things felt



I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

¹ From *Poems and Ballads*. Copyright, 1895, 1896. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



HALF CHICK — I

queer	rooster	leg	market
dainty	stump	dull	saved
bits	weak	fowls	spoiled



“Peep! peep! peep!” said nine little chicks under their mother’s warm breast.

Each little chick had just burst through its eggshell.

One chick’s “peep ” was weak and queer.

Mother Speckle got up to see what it meant. She saw a strange sight.

There among eight beautiful chicks was a half chick. It had but one eye, one ear, one wing, one leg. It looked for all the world as if it had been cut in two pieces.

"Oh!" said the old rooster; "did anybody ever see so queer a chick?"

"Poor little piece of a chick!" said Mother Speckle; "we will be just as good and kind to you as we can."

"Indeed we will!" said the other chicks.

"Indeed we will!" said all the fowls in the yard.

Never was a chick so spoiled. His mother saved dainty bits of food for him. His brothers taught him to stump along on his one leg. Every one let him do as he liked.

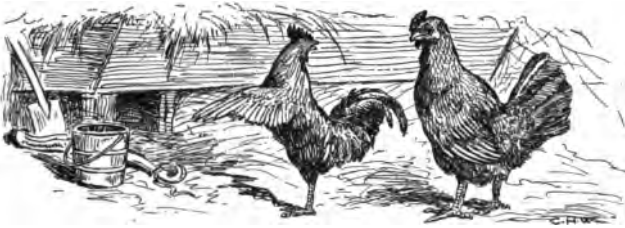
This made Half Chick very selfish.

The other fowls would sometimes say, "Half Chick is being spoiled."

"Poor little piece of a chick!" his mother would say. "We must be good to him, he is so weak."

One day Half Chick said to Mother Speckle, "I cannot put up with this dull life any longer.

I'm going to Madrid to see the King."



"Don't talk so, my poor little piece of a chick," said Mother Speckle.

"How can a Half Chick ever go so far as Madrid? The Gray Hen is going to market on Friday. She will take you with her and you can see the world. She will take care of you."

"No market for me! No Gray Hen for me!" said the spoiled chick.

"I'm going to Madrid to see the King. Good-by, mother. Good-by, everybody. I'm off to see the King."

Away stumped Half Chick on his one leg.

HALF CHICK — II

swept	cross	ought	moss	mud
cook	choked	tiny	free	beg
	toward	pollen	foolish	

By and by Half Chick came to a tiny brook. It was clear and beautiful, but some boys had stopped the water from going toward the sea.

“Do help me,” said the brook to Half Chick. “How can I sing? How can I water the fields?”

I’m all choked up with mud and leaves.

Take them away, please, and I’ll sing you a merry song.”

“Help yourself,” said foolish Half Chick.

“I’m going to Madrid to see the King.”

After a time Half Chick came to a fire.

This was doing its best to burn as it ought, but the wet mud and moss would not let it burn.

“ Help me burn, I beg you,” said the fire.

“ Help yourself,” said Half Chick.

“ I ’m going to Madrid to see the King.”



With these cross words Half Chick stumped away on his one leg.

After a bit Half Chick found a little wind caught in the branches of an oak.

The wind was trying hard to free its wings. It had much to do. It longed to be at work.

The walks were to be swept. The flowers were to be dusted with pollen. The sick were to be fanned.

“Do help me, Half Chick,” it said. “It will take only a minute.”

“Help yourself,” cried Half Chick.

“Don’t stop me. I’m going to Madrid to see the King.”

HALF CHICK—III

broth	boiling	kitchen	guns
coal	church	pointed	ugly
pan	proud	rushed	rod

Half Chick at last came to the King’s beautiful palace in Madrid.

He stumped up the front steps as if he were one of the King’s friends.

Two soldiers stood at the front door. They pointed their guns at the proud Half Chick, and said, “What are you doing here?”

“I am come to see the King,” said he.

“Go to the kitchen door, then,” said the men. “This is no place for ugly chicks like you.”

At the kitchen door the cook caught up Half Chick.



“You have come just in time,” said she.

“I want you for my master’s broth.”

With these words she took Half Chick into the kitchen.

“Now I shall see the King,” thought little Half Chick.

But he was not to see the King, for the cook threw him into a pan of boiling water.

“Fire! fire!” cried Half Chick; “don’t burn so hard. You hurt me.”

“Hurt, then,” said the fire.

“Do you not know me? I was the little fire in the woods. I asked you to help me. You said, ‘Help yourself.’ Now I say to you, ‘Help yourself.’ Burn, burn, burn.”

“O water! water!” cried Half Chick; “don’t boil so hard. You hurt me.”

“You forget, you forget, selfish Half Chick. I was once a tiny brook in the forest. I was choked by mud and leaves. I begged you to help me. You only said ‘Help yourself.’ It is now my time to say, ‘Help yourself.’ Boil, boil, boil.”

The fire burned. The water boiled. Half Chick was soon as black as a piece of coal.

“My! my!” cried the cook. “I forgot this little piece of a chick.

He is too black for my master’s broth.”

So the cook threw poor Half Chick out of the window. A high wind took him and rushed over the land with him.

“Wind! wind!” cried Half Chick; “don’t run so fast. You hurt me.”

“Nobody cares,” said the wind. “Once I was little. I was caught in a big tree. I begged your help. You said, ‘Help yourself.’ Now it is my time to say ‘Help yourself.’”

So the wind rushed Half Chick over fields and houses.

At last they came to a church. On the very top of the church was a sharp rod.

Half Chick was caught on this rod. The wind left him. There he turns to this day.

He never did anything before. Now he shows us which way the wind is blowing.



THE PROUD WEATHER VANE

hurry noon fishermen steeple any
east brass straight west wrong



There was once a town by the sea. In this town was a brass weather vane.

It was on the top of a high steeple.

Every morning the fishermen looked up at it to see which way the wind was blowing.

This made the weather vane very proud.

“They do just as I tell them,” he said.

“If I say ‘East’ they stay at home. If I say ‘West’ they go out in their boats.”

Now the weather vane had always pointed as the wind had told him. Every morning the wind would tell him which way he was blowing.

"The men look at me and not at the wind," said the weather vane.

"Why should I do as the wind says? I think I will point any way I like."

The next morning the wind came along in a great hurry.

"Point west, weather vane," he said. "Point west all day."

The weather vane did not even turn his head. He held himself very straight and pointed east.

"This is strange," said the fishermen. "We must not go to sea to-day."

At noon they saw other boats sailing with a west wind.

"Something is wrong with our weather vane," they said. "We might have gone to sea, after all."

The next morning they looked at the weather vane. It was pointing west, but the wind blew strong from the sea.

“The weather vane is wrong again,” they said. “We must have a new one. This is good for nothing.”

“Ah, my proud weather vane!” said the wind. “It would have been better if you had done as I told you. Then you might still keep your place.”

THE BEE

For Memorizing

Roly-poly honey-bee,
Humming in the clover,
Under you the tossing leaves,
And the blue sky over.
Why are you so busy, pray?
Never still a minute,
Hovering now above a flower,
Now half buried in it!

JULIA C. DORR

HOW THE WOODPECKER GOT ITS RED HEAD

wink	money	oven	baking	hill
crust	dough	chimney	bonnet	wore
shelf	apron	woman	spoke	pay



There was an old lady who lived on a hill.
She was very small, and she always wore
a black dress and a large white apron with
big bows behind.

On her head she wore the queerest little
red bonnet you ever saw.

It is a sad thing to tell, but the little old lady had grown very selfish as the years went by.

People said this was because she lived all alone and thought of no one but herself.

One morning, as she was baking cakes, a tired, hungry old man came to her door.

"My good woman," said he, "will you give me one of your cakes?"

I am very hungry.

I have no money to pay for it, but whatever you first wish for you shall have."

Then the old lady looked at her cakes, and thought that these were much too large to give away.

So she broke off a small bit of dough and put it into the oven to bake.

But when it was done she thought this one was too nice and brown for a beggar.

So she baked a smaller one, and then a smaller one, but still each was as nice and brown as the first.

At last she took a piece of dough as small as the head of a pin ; yet even this, when it was baked, looked large and fine.

. So the old lady put all the cakes on the shelf, and gave the old man a crust of bread instead.

But the poor man only looked at her, and before the old lady could wink an eye he was gone.

Then the old lady thought a long time about it, and knew that she had done what was wrong.

“ Oh, I wish I were a bird ! ” said she. “ I would fly to him with the largest cake on the shelf.”

As she spoke she felt herself growing smaller and smaller, until the wind picked her up and carried her up the chimney.

When she came out she still had on her red bonnet and black dress.

You could still see her large white apron with the big bows behind.

She was no longer an old lady, but a bird, just as she had wished to be.



She was a wise bird and so at once began to pick her food out of the hard wood of an oak tree.

And people after a while, when they saw her at work, named her the “red-headed woodpecker.”

FLORA J. COOKE

THE DONKEY AND THE SALT

remembered	sponges	load
understand	started	luck
stumbled	stream	melt
journey	middle	bag

One day a man took his donkey to the seashore to get a load of salt.

He put the salt into a bag which he hung across the donkey's back. Then they started for home.

On their way home the man and his donkey came to a stream.

The donkey had to walk through the water. In the middle of the stream he stumbled and fell. It was some minutes before his master could help him to rise.

Now it took only a short time to melt the salt, so that when the donkey started on again, he was pleased to find that by his fall he had lost his load.

Some days later the master took his donkey on another journey to the shore.



The load was made ready, and this time it was a bag of sponges.

When the donkey reached the stream he remembered his earlier good luck. He stumbled as before, but this time what was his surprise to find that his load was many times heavier than it had been.

Of course the donkey could not understand what had happened to his load.

But I am sure that he went on his way a sadder if not a wiser donkey.

Adapted from Æsop

THE STORY OF PETERKIN — I

multiplication	backwards	worse	need
alphabet	throat	mind	robe
swallowed	stolen	bone	ring

Once upon a time there were three brothers who lived in a country over the sea.

One was named Hans. One was named Jacob. The youngest was named Peterkin, which means "Little Peter."

Hans was a very wise boy. He could say the alphabet backwards. Jacob was even wiser than Hans. He could say the alphabet and all the multiplication tables backwards.

Peterkin was no wiser than other boys, but he had a kind heart, and that is best of all.

One day the king of that country was in great trouble.

He had lost his ring.

Some one had stolen his beautiful fur robe.

Worse than all, his daughter had swallowed a fish bone and no one could get it out of her throat.

All the wise men in the country came to help the king and his daughter, but they could do nothing.

At last the king said, "If any one can take the fish bone out of my daughter's throat, he shall have all the gold that he can carry."

"I shall try," said Hans.

"And I shall try," said Jacob; "for I am even wiser than Hans."

"And I shall go too," said Peterkin; "for you may need some one to help you."

Hans and Jacob were very sure that they should not need any help, but Peterkin had made up his mind to go with them.

So when they rode away on their fine horses Peterkin rode behind them on his little white donkey.



THE STORY OF PETERKIN — II

hour	follow	rode
happen	shoulder	fresh

The brothers had not gone far when they heard the cry of a bird. It came from the grass near the road.

“O Hans!” said Peterkin. “Some little bird is in trouble. Do stop and see what is the matter.”

“I have no time to look for birds,” said Hans. “It is nearly noon now.”

“I have no time to look for birds,” said Jacob. “It will be dark before long.”

“I have all the time there is,” said little Peterkin; “but don’t wait for me.”

Hans and Jacob did not hear him. They were riding on as fast as they could go.

Peterkin found that the bird had hurt its wing and could not fly. “You must ride on my shoulder,” said he. “I cannot leave you to die of hunger and cold.”

The bird was not afraid of Peterkin, and away they rode after Hans and Jacob. By and by they came up with the two brothers. Their horses were too tired to go fast.

“Your donkey is as fresh as he was this morning,” said Jacob.

“I wish he were big enough for me to ride. I would make him go faster than you do.”

“I am glad that he is not big enough,” thought Peterkin, as he looked at Jacob’s horse, which was tired and lame.



THE STORY OF PETERKIN — III



Just then they heard a dog crying.

“O Jacob!” said Peterkin; “some dog must be hurt. Do stop and see what is the matter.”

“I have no time to stop for dogs,” said Jacob, crossly.

“Nor I,” said Hans.

“I have all the time there is,” said Peterkin; “but don’t wait for me.”

The dog's foot was caught fast. It was an hour before Peterkin could set the poor beast free.

The dog tried to follow Peterkin as he rode away, but he was too lame to walk.

"I must carry you, then," said Peterkin.

So he carried the dog under his arm, while the bird rode on his shoulder.

By and by he came up with his brothers again. Their horses were lame and could go only at a walk.

When his brothers saw Peterkin they began to laugh. Peterkin laughed too.

"I suppose I do look funny," said he; "but I could not leave these poor things in the road."

"Well," said Hans, "you may ride a long way behind us, if you please. We have no wish to be known as your brothers."

"Very well," said Peterkin. "Call me if you happen to need me. I shall not be too far behind."

THE STORY OF PETERKIN — IV

able number sitting tin slowly

By and by they came to a little old woman sitting by the side of the road.

She had a great number of tin pans that she had been trying to sell along the way.

“O good sirs!” she said; “I am a poor old woman. I have been selling tin pans all day, and now I am tired out. Will you help me to carry these to the town?”

“I have no time to help old women,” said Hans. “I am on my way to help the king.”

“And so am I,” said Jacob.

“I have all the time there is,” said Peterkin; “and you may ride on my donkey, if you like.

But you must go very slowly, for he is growing tired; and you must carry the bird and the dog, for they are not able to go by themselves.”

“And who will carry my tin pans?” asked the little old woman.

“I will carry your pans,” said Peterkin.



So away they went. Peterkin carried the tin pans, some on his head, some in his arms, and the old woman carried the bird and the dog.

And at last they came to the king.

THE STORY OF PETERKIN — V

courtyard limping diamond
 dragging stones

The king was in the courtyard.

“Your brothers have been here,” he said to Peterkin. He was a good king, you see, and knew many of his people.

“They have gone away again, because they cannot help me. Yet they are much wiser than you are, Peterkin. Do you really wish to try?”

“Say ‘Yes,’ Peterkin,” said the old woman. “I will help you.” So Peterkin said that he would try.

“The eyes of a bird can see what we cannot see,” the old woman went on.

“Bird, will you help Peterkin?”

The bird hopped down to the ground and pulled out a diamond ring from where it lay hidden between two stones.

"That is my ring," said the king.

"A dog's nose is of more use than our noses," said the old woman.

"Dog, will you help Peterkin?"

The dog went up to the king and smelled of his robes. Then he ran away, limping, but in a minute he came back dragging a beautiful fur robe in his teeth.

Where he found it he could not tell, but there it was.

"Now I will bring my daughter," said the king. "It may be that you are to help me after all, Peterkin."

THE STORY OF PETERKIN — VI

skipped standing coughed danced

While the king was on his way to find his daughter she was standing at a window, looking down into the courtyard.

When she saw Peterkin and the tin pans and the little old woman and the bird and

the dog and the white donkey she could not help laughing.

Peterkin looked up and saw her laughing. Wishing to please the pretty girl at the window, he began to dance. And the donkey danced because Peterkin had so taught him. And the old woman, seeing what Peterkin was trying to do, danced and skipped with all her might.

The king's daughter laughed so hard that she coughed, and when she coughed the fish bone flew out of her mouth, and then she was as well as ever.

The king was so glad to see the troublesome fish bone that in his joy he caught his daughter in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Peterkin," said he, coming down into the courtyard, "I know you to be a good boy, and it is even better to be good than to be wise. You shall have all the gold that you can carry."

EVENING SONG

For Memorizing

Little birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the cover
Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet,
All the summer night,
With their old ewe mothers,
Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds.

Fill the blanks :

Little birds sleep in their

Little children sleep in their

Little lambs sleep

LEGEND OF THE DANDELION

feel	sank	usually
earth	sorry	lonely

Years and years ago a great many little stars lived in the sky with their mother, the Moon, and their father, the Sun.

The mother liked to have them shine as soon as it grew dark, to help brighten the sky, and so make the earth lighter.

I do not know what could have happened to these little stars, for they were usually very good children; but one night when their mother called them to come and light the sky they came very slowly. When she told them to shine they would not do so.

They did just as I have seen some little children do; they hung their heads and wore a cross look on their faces.

Now this made old Mother Moon feel very sad, and when she saw that the children

were not going to do as she wished what do you think happened?

Their places were taken by some good little stars, who wished to help the people on the earth find their way.



Soon the naughty little stars felt themselves falling, falling down from the sky.

Faster and faster they fell, till they sank down into the earth.

The poor little things cried themselves to sleep, because they were lonely and because they were sorry that they had been naughty.

In the morning their father, the Sun, shone out so brightly that everything wakened from sleep, even the baby stars under the grass.

When they found themselves in the cold ground they began to cry again.

The Sun heard them, and, seeing how sorry the little stars were, he called them up and smiled upon them.

Listen to what he told them. He said they were to shine on the earth instead of in the heavens, and so make the earth beautiful.

So every morning, when the kind Sun smiled upon them, they opened their eyes and shone all day.

At night you can see the stars in the sky; and every day in the summer, the stars shining in the grass.

From All the Year Round

THE PINE TREE—I

wide	silver	ax	against	ocean
below	edge	slide	view	chips
	chopped		crashing	



Near the top of a high hill stood a white pine tree.

It was very straight and tall.

No other tree in the forest had so wide a view.

Over the green leaves the tree could see the ocean. Sometimes it was a bright blue. Sometimes it was a cold gray.

But gray or blue, the pine tree loved the far-off sea.

In the morning it watched for the first rays of the sun to make the water shine. At night the moon rose and turned it to silver.

Below the hill a river made its way to the sea.

"Happy river!" thought the pine tree. "It can go to find the ocean. I must stay here where I was born."

One day a man with an ax on his shoulder came through the forest.

Behind him came other men.

"This is the tree," said the first wood-cutter. "I saw it this morning from the river. See how straight and tall it is! It is just what we want."

The pine tree felt the sharp ax against its side.

"This is the end," it thought. "Never again shall I see the sun rise over the sea."

Blow after blow fell upon the trunk of the white pine.

At last it came crashing to the ground.

The men chopped off the branches and dragged the great tree to the edge of the hill. There a long wooden slide ran down to the river below.



When the tree was placed on the slide it went down with a rush. Chips and dust flew into the air.

“This must be the end,” thought the poor pine. “I cannot bear any more.”

THE PINE TREE — II

floating	bumped	stripped
bruised	slipped	smooth
rubbed	spread	masts

Now it was floating down the river with other tree trunks. They were on their way to the shipyard, where men make ships.

The long logs bumped against one another in the river. The poor pine tree was bruised and tired.

“Will the end never come?” it thought.

By and by they came to the shipyard, where a man was waiting for them.

“This is the best of them all,” he said, pointing to the pine tree. “I will have this for one of the masts of my ship.”

So the pine tree had its bark stripped from it.

Then it was rubbed until it was smooth and shining.



"Now it is ready," said the man.

"*Now* the end has come," thought the pine tree.

But it found itself standing straight and tall again. Once more it could see far and wide. At its feet was the river. It was now a great river. It shone in the sunlight.

And oh, joy! there was the sea. It was very near and it was more beautiful than ever.

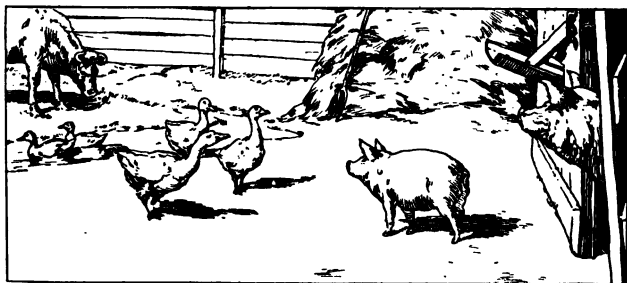
Then the tree felt the ship move. Slowly at first, then swiftly it slipped into the water. Then great white sails spread themselves like wings.

The pine tree was glad to feel that it was so straight and strong. Like a bird to its home the ship flew to the sea.

And the next morning the pine tree saw the sun rise over the blue water.

THE PIG AND THE WORLD—I

pen quack snout beyond
flock geese hiss



A young pig who lived in a high pen wanted to see the world. One day the farm boy forgot to shut the door of the pig's pen.

"Now is my time!" cried the pig. "Now I'm off to see the world. I shall soon be great."

"Take care, take care," said his mother; "it is best to stay at home."

"Poor old thing," said the pig with a curl of his snout. "I was born for the world."

Beyond the door he found a large yard with a high fence around it.

“So this is the world,” said the foolish pig. “What a big place it is! I must keep near the edge or I shall get lost.”

Near the edge of the world he saw a flock of geese. They put out their long bills and cried, “Hiss! hiss!”

The pig was afraid and trotted on.

Next he saw two ducks in a brook. They cried, “Quack! quack!” at the pig.

The pig was afraid of the ducks too.

“What does ‘Quack’ mean?” thought he. “How many queer things I shall have to tell when I get home!”

By and by he came to the gate.

“This must be the end of the world,” said the pig, for he could not see beyond the gate. He kept near the fence and went on.

At last he met a cow. Her great horns frightened him. So he ran and ran.

THE PIG AND THE WORLD — II

herd

swim

square



Soon he was back at the door of his own little pen.

“Well,” said his mother, “here you are, safe and sound. Have you seen the world?”

“I should think so,” said the pig. “I have seen all of it.”

“How does it look?” asked the mother.

“The world is just a big square pen with a fence around it to keep pigs from falling off,” said he.

“Well, to be sure!” said his mother.

“And the end of the world,” went on the pig, “is made of wood and stops at two posts.

The first thing in the world is a herd of queer white pigs. They have but two legs and they talk by saying, ‘Hiss!’

The next thing is two pigs that can swim. Think of that! There are just two in the world. They say ‘Quack!’ most beautifully.”

“What does that mean?” asked the mother.

“Oh,” said the pig with a proud air, “you cannot understand. You have not seen the world.

Then I saw a great red pig with two sharp horns. There is but one such pig in the world and I saw it.”

“Well, to be sure!” said the mother.

“The world is a fine place, mother; you ought to see it. Shut the door. I am a great pig now.”

THE MOUSE THAT LOST HER GREAT LONG TAIL

bunch pounced pantry tied
 stall plowing saucer



One morning, when a little gray mouse was running across the pantry, a great black and white cat pounced upon her and bit off her great long tail.

The little mouse felt dreadfully about it, and she said to the cat, "Old cat, will you please give me back my great long tail?"

"Yes," said the cat; "I will give it to you if you will bring me a saucer of milk."

So the mouse ran down to the barn, where an old red cow was tied in the stall,

and said, "Please, old cow, will you give me a saucer of milk for the cat, so that she will give me back my great long tail?"

The cow said, "Yes, I will give you the milk if you will bring me a bunch of hay."

Then the mouse went to the farmer who was plowing in a field near by, and said to him: "Will you please to give me some hay for the cow? Then she will give me a saucer of milk for the cat, and the cat will give me back my great long tail."

The farmer said: "Yes, if you will promise me not to eat my corn."

As the little mouse said that she would never, never touch the corn, the farmer gave her a bunch of hay, which she gave to the cow; and the cow gave her a saucer of milk, which she gave to the cat; and the old cat gave her back her great long tail, which made the little mouse very happy.

But, best of all, she kept her word and did not touch the farmer's corn.

BABY SEED SONG

lie	close	gay	miss
cosily	caress	poppy	hark



Little brown brother, oh! little brown
brother,

Are you awake in the dark?

Here we lie cosily, close to each other:

Hark to the song of the lark —

“Waken!” the lark says, “waken and
dress you;

Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress
you —

Waken! 't is morning — 't is May!”

Little brown brother, oh ! little brown
brother,

What kind of flower will you be ?

I 'll be a poppy — all white like my mother ;

Do be a poppy like me.

What ! you 're a sunflower ? How I shall
miss you

When you 're grown golden and high !

But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you ;

Little brown brother, good-by.

E. NESBIT

A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

A little boy was dreaming,

Upon his nurse's lap,

That all the stars dropped from the sky

And fell into his cap.

So, when his sleep was over,

What did the little boy do ?

Why, he went and looked inside his cap

And found it was n't true.

MICHAEL ANGELO

chisel	cottage	statues	model
walls	artists	marble	mountains
splendid	hundred	sculptor	
painting	stonecutter		

More than four hundred years ago a little baby was born in far-away Italy.

His mother named him Michael Angelo.

When little Michael was only a year old his father and mother went on a long journey. They left their little baby at the home of his nurse.

Here the little boy breathed the clear mountain air, played in the sunshine, and grew strong just as little boys should.

His nurse was the wife of a stonecutter, and every day little Michael watched the stonecutter as he worked. He liked to see the beautiful white marble fly in tiny pieces from the stonecutter's chisel.

As soon as Michael could use his hands he began to draw.

He drew many pictures on the white walls of his nurse's cottage. For many years people visited this cottage to see the wonderful pictures made by this boy.

After a time he was sent to school.

Every day when school was over he would hurry home to his drawing. Sometimes he would go to the homes of great artists to see them at their work.

Later he began to study drawing and painting with a great teacher. He learned so well that he soon began to model and work in marble.

He lived to be nearly ninety years old, and all through his life he was doing some great and splendid work.

He painted beautiful pictures and made fine buildings. He modeled statues that people have liked to look at all these hundreds of years.

His statue of "The Young Sculptor" shows himself at his much-loved work.



The statue is one of a little boy who knows just what he wants to do and is sure to do it.

THOR'S HAMMER — I

whose	bars	crown	tricks
rainbow	gods	valley	cruel



Far away, in a country over the sea, wonderful stories were told of Thor and Odin.

Odin was the king of all the gods. He lived in the great city of Asgard, which stood on the top of a high mountain.

From the golden gates of the city a bridge led to the valley below. This bridge was the rainbow, with bars of red and yellow and blue and green.

Thor was one of Odin's sons. He was brave and strong. He had a beautiful wife whose name was Sif.

Sif had blue eyes, and her yellow hair was long and fine. No one had ever seen hair like hers. It was like a golden crown on her head.

Odin had another son named Loki.

He was not brave like Thor. He liked to play cruel tricks.

One day Thor went away from home.

Sif was waiting for him to come back. As she was tired and sleepy and the day was warm, she fell asleep.

Loki saw her sleeping in the sunshine.

"Sif is fast asleep," he said. "I will play a trick upon her. I will cut off her golden hair."

So Loki cut off Sif's beautiful hair.

By and by she awoke. "Oh, my hair! my hair!" cried Sif. "What will Thor say when he finds that my hair is gone!"

THOR'S HAMMER — II

pain angry sting thunder handle



When Thor came home he was very angry. "It was Loki who cut off your hair," he said to Sif.

"He is the only one in Asgard who would play so cruel a trick."

Loki was afraid of Thor when he saw how angry he was.

"Did you cut off Sif's hair?" asked Thor in a voice like thunder.

"Yes, I did," said Loki; "but I will make it up to her. If you will let me

off this time, I will give Sif something more beautiful than her golden hair."

"Very well," said Thor. "I will let you off if you can find anything in the world as beautiful as Sif's golden hair."

THOR'S HAMMER—III

gifts dwarfs spear mark missed

Far down under the earth lived the dwarfs. In their dark home they made wonderful things.

Loki went to these dwarfs. He said to them: "Make me a crown of gold. Make it of golden hairs. Make each hair so that it will grow like a real hair. Can you do it?"

"Yes; that is easy," said the dwarfs.

They went to work at once and worked all night long.

In the morning they gave Loki a crown of golden hair.

They gave him also a spear and a ship. The spear never missed its mark. The ship could go over land and sea, and sail like a bird through the air.

"No one can show more wonderful gifts than mine," said Loki.

THOR'S HAMMER—IV

forges	smoke	pigskin	iron
lump	glowing	bellows	

When Loki went back to Asgard he said again, "No one can show more wonderful gifts than mine."

"There you are wrong," said a dwarf named Brok.

"My brother works in brass and gold. He can make more wonderful gifts than yours."

Loki laughed.

"If your brother can make three things as wonderful as my gifts, you may have my head," said he.

Then Brok went to his brother Sindre and told him what Loki had said.

“He shall see,” said the angry Sindre, “that you have told the truth. We will show Loki what my dwarfs can do.”

The great forges blazed. The sparks flew. Smoke came from the mountain top.

Sindre put a pigskin into the fire. Soon he came back and took out from the glowing coals a gold pig.

Then he put a lump of gold into the fire.

When he came back he took a gold ring from the coals.

Then he put a lump of iron into the fire.

“Take the bellows, Brok, and blow as hard as you can,” he said to his brother.

“Blow the fire all the time I am gone.”



THOR'S HAMMER — V

stung leaped neck between ruined

Brok blew and blew and blew. A fly stung his hand, but he did not stop.

The earth seemed to rock, and fire leaped from the mountain top, but still Brok blew and blew.

Then the fly stung Brok again upon the neck. It was a cruel sting, and Brok could not keep back a cry of pain.

"I know you," he cried. "You are no fly. You are Loki himself. You are trying to make me drop the bellows, but I will blow the fire until my brother comes back."

The next time the fly stung Brok between the eyes. For a moment he could not see, and the bellows dropped from his hand.

Sindre came running back.

"Why did you drop the bellows?" he cried. "You have nearly ruined my hammer.

See how short the handle is! Still, it cannot be helped now. Take my gifts to Thor, and let us hear what Loki has to say."

THOR'S HAMMER — VI

itself

aim

strike



Up to Asgard went Brok with his three gifts. Loki was there with his.

All the gods came to see which were the better, Brok's or Loki's.

They looked again at the spear that never missed its mark.

They looked again at the ship that could sail over land and sea and through the air.

They looked again at the crown of gold on Sif's head, and saw that the hairs were growing like real hairs.

"Brok's gifts must be wonderful indeed if they are more wonderful than Loki's," said the gods.

Brok gave the gold ring to Odin.

"Each night," said he, "the ring will throw off another ring just like itself. You will have all the gold you can use."

Then Brok showed the golden pig.

"This," he said, "is a wonderful pig. No horse can run so fast as my golden pig. In the dark it shines with such a light that no matter how black the night may be it will seem as bright as day."

When Brok took out his hammer with its short handle Loki began to laugh.

"Look now, O Thor," said Brok. "I bring this hammer to you, the god of thunder."

When you strike with it the sound shall roll from cloud to cloud. When it is thrown into the air it shall never miss its aim. More than that, it shall always come back to your hand."

THOR'S HAMMER — VII

fail shout flashed most true content

"Look at its short handle," said Loki.

"Yes," said Brok, "the handle is short, and Loki knows why it is so. It was he who tried to ruin my brother's work, but he has not ruined it. The hammer will never fail you, O Thor!"

With a great shout Thor threw the hammer into the clouds.

The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed as the hammer came flying back to the hands of Thor.

And the gods shouted that Brok's hammer was the most wonderful gift of all.

"Now, Loki," said Brok, "you must let me have your head."

"Very well," said Loki; "you may take it now."

Brok came near with a smile on his face.

"It will be a happy day for Asgard when your head is in my keeping," said he.

"Stop!" said Loki. "You may have my head, but you may not have my neck. I did not say you could have that. If you so much as touch my neck, Thor will punish you."

"Yes," said Thor; "what Loki says is true. Brok must be content with having given me the most wonderful gift in all the wide world."



A VISIT TO THE BLACKSMITH

worn	corner	dipped	fitted	shod
sign	led	punch	anvil	nail
	file		shape	

John's pony needed some new shoes.

"I must take Ned to the blacksmith," said John's papa.

"It is not good for a horse's feet to let him wear old shoes."

"Let me ride him to the blacksmith," said John. "I like to see him shod."

Mr. Smith, an old man with white hair, was standing at the door of his shop when John rode up.

"Good morning, John," he said. "Has that pony of yours worn out his shoes?"

"Yes," said John, "and we have come for some new ones."

Mr. Smith took down a small horseshoe and laid it in the coals.



"I made some little shoes the other day," he said. "I knew Ned would need them before long."

"Please tell me how you made them," said John, as he led Ned into the shop.

"I took a long bar of iron like those," said Mr. Smith, pointing to some bars that were standing in a corner.

"Then I cut off a piece of it and brought the ends near each other. Of course these shoes are not just right for your pony. Each shoe must be fitted to the foot it is to be worn on."

"May I work the bellows?" asked John.

John liked to push the wooden handle down and let it go up again. He liked to see the red coals glow when the wind from the bellows fanned them.

He blew so hard that the little iron shoe was soon red-hot in the fire.

By and by the blacksmith laid it on his anvil and began to hammer it into shape.

It was soft because it was so hot.

With a chisel he cut off a bit at each end of the shoe.

John stood back so that the flying sparks should not hit him.

"Is your name Smith because you are a blacksmith?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Smith, laughing; "but my great-great-great-grandfather may have been called Smith because he was one. That is the way the name began."

"It's splendid to be a blacksmith, isn't it?" said John.

"Why, yes, I think it is," said Mr. Smith. "It's more splendid than most people think. I am proud of my name and my work."

"I should be if I were you," said John.

"In the old days, when men had few tools, it was a wonderful thing to make a hammer or a spear out of hard iron. Think of all the famous smiths from Vulcan and Sindre down to our workers."

"I know who Sindre was," said John. "He was Brok's brother and made Thor's wonderful hammer. Who was Vulcan?"

"He was one of the Greek gods, and a very good workman too," said Mr. Smith; "but he was lame, — as lame as Ned will be if we don't get these shoes ready."

Ned held up his small foot to be shod.

"I must file this shoe a bit," said the blacksmith.

"It is still a little too large. Then I think that it will do."

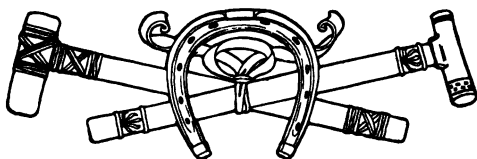
"You must punch the nail holes too," said John, "or the shoe will never stay on."

"Oh, I am not going to forget those," said Mr. Smith. "You will find some short nails by the door."

John found them and watched the blacksmith punch the holes in the horseshoes.

By and by the shoes were made, dipped into cold water, and nailed in place. Little Ned was well shod.

“ Good-by, Mr. Smith,” said John as he rode away. “ I shall be a blacksmith when I grow up, and my sign will be the hammer of Thor.”



CRADLE SONG

For Memorizing

Hush ! the waves are rolling in,
 White with foam, white with foam ;
Father toils amid the din,
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the winds roar hoarse and deep, —
 On they come, on they come !
Brother seeks the wandering sheep,
 But baby sleeps at home.

From the Gaelic

HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD LUCK — I

village buy loaf nodded ma'am

One cold day a little boy was running along a country road. He was going to the village to buy a loaf of bread for his mother. She was poor and sick, and he did all that he could to help her.

At last he came to the village and found the baker's shop.

"Mother sent me to buy a loaf of bread," he said to the baker's wife.

The woman took from the shelf the best loaf of bread she could find and gave it to the boy.

"Never mind about the money to-day," she said gently. "When your mother is well we will talk about that."

A tall man stood by the counter as the woman nodded good-by to the little lad.

“He is a good, helpful child,” she said kindly. “And it is a wonder that any little boy can be kept so clean.”



As the man turned to go the child was behind him.

“What are you doing there?” said the baker’s wife. “Don’t you like the bread?”

“Oh, yes, ma’am,” said the child.

“Well, run along then, and carry it home. Your mother will think you are playing by the way.”

The child did not seem to hear.

The baker's wife went up to him and gave him a gentle tap on the shoulder.

"Come, come," said she; "what *are* you thinking about?"

"O ma'am!" said the little fellow; "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes," cried the boy. "Hear it! It says, 'Queek, queek!' It is a little bird; or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

"Oh, no!" said the baker's wife. "I know what it is. Those are crickets. They sing because we are lighting the fire and they like to feel warm."

"Crickets!" said the boy. "Are they really crickets?"

"Yes, to be sure," said she kindly. The child's face lighted up.

"I should like it very much," he said, "if you would give me a cricket."

HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD LUCK — II

clasping thin box pockets
cover fingers empty ,

“A cricket?” said the baker’s wife.
“What can you do with a cricket? I will
gladly give you all I can find.”

“Oh, give me one, only one, if you please!”
said the child.



He was clasping his thin hands under the
big loaf.

“I will be very kind to it. They say
that crickets bring good luck into a house.

Perhaps if I could carry home a cricket, mamma would n't cry any more."

"Why does your mother cry?" asked the tall man, who was still standing near them in the shop.

"Because we are so poor and she is so sick," said the boy sadly.

"She cannot work and there is very little for us to eat."

The tall man took the child and the loaf up into his arms and I really think he kissed them both.

The baker's wife had gone into the house. When she came back she held a little box in her hand. In it were four crickets. There were holes in the box cover so that the crickets could breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away happy.

When he had gone the baker's wife and the tall man talked together for a while.

Then you might have seen the baker's boy running across the fields to the child's

home. Now the baker's boy was a tall fellow, with long legs, and he could run very fast indeed. In a short time he was back again at his work in the shop, as if nothing had happened.

At last the child with his big loaf and his box of crickets and his little short legs reached his house. There he found his mother smiling happily and holding a roll of money in her thin fingers.

"Ah!" cried the little fellow. "My crickets have brought good luck. We will put them in a warm corner by the fire."

Was he wrong? If it had not been for the crickets and the boy's good heart, would the tall man have gone home that morning with empty pockets and a smiling face?

From the French

BIRD THOUGHTS

For Memorizing

I lived first in a little house
And lived there very well.
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of small blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other.
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find.
I said, "The world is made of leaves;
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors.
—I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors.

THE MOON IN THE MILL POND — I

jokes	terrapins	agreed	dip-net	crept
hook	squealed	turtles	coons	line
pole	shook	bait	planning	

Long ago, when cats and coons, dogs and donkeys, fowls and foxes, bears and birds, turtles and terrapins, geese, rabbits, and children could talk with one another, the world was full of fun.

One night Brother Rabbit met Brother Terrapin, and after shaking hands they sat down to talk of old times.

Brother Rabbit was a merry little animal, always planning for fun, and Brother Terrapin was ready to help carry out his jokes.

They agreed to ask Brother Fox, Brother Bear, and Brother Wolf to go fishing in the mill pond. Brother Fox asked the children to go too, and they met at the pond soon after sundown.

Brother Bear had a hook and line, Brother Wolf had a hook and line, Brother Fox had a dip-net, and Brother Terrapin had the bait.



The girls stood away back from the edge of the pond and squealed every time Brother Terrapin shook the box of bait at them.

When they were ready to begin fishing, Brother Rabbit went close to the pond, and, instead of throwing in his hook, dropped the pole, scratched his head, and looked into the water as if he saw something he had never seen before.

The girls were frightened and asked him what was the matter, but Brother Rabbit only looked more and more surprised, and at last said they had better all run home, for they could not fish.

Brother Terrapin, who loved fun almost as much as Brother Rabbit loved it, crept up to the water and looked over the edge, shook his head, and crawled back as if he were frightened too.

Brother Rabbit was always polite to the girls, so he told them that whatever was to happen he would take care of them, but the moon had fallen into the mill pond.

THE MOON IN THE MILL POND — II

ashamed	suddenly	bottom
wade	swinging	clothes
haul	swaying	splash

They all crept up to the edge and peeped over, and sure enough, there was the moon

swinging and swaying at the bottom of the mill pond!

Brother Fox looked in and said, "Well, well, well!"

Brother Wolf looked in and said, "Too bad! too bad!"

Brother Bear looked in and said, "Tum, tum, tum!"

The girls looked in and squealed.

Then Brother Rabbit said they must get the moon out of the water or they could not catch a fish that night.

They all asked how it could be done, and Brother Terrapin said they must ask Brother Rabbit.

Brother Rabbit looked as if he were thinking. He shut his eyes. At last he said that they must draw it out with a net.

Brother Terrapin said he had heard that there was a pot of gold with the moon.

Brother Rabbit took off his coat, as if he would wade into the pond, but the larger

animals, thinking they would get the gold, said they would be ashamed to let a little rabbit get wet. Brother Rabbit and Brother Terrapin stood on the edge, while Brother Fox, Brother Wolf, and Brother Bear waded into the pond to drop the net under the moon.

They made one haul — no moon ; another haul — no moon ; another — no moon. They waded deeper and deeper into the water.

The water ran into Brother Wolf's ear, and he shook his head. The water ran into Brother Bear's ear, and he shook his head. The water grew deeper and deeper, and suddenly down they went.

It looked as if they would splash all the water out of the pond, and when they came ashore without the moon, the girls were laughing, and Brother Rabbit told Brother Fox, Brother Wolf, and Brother Bear to go home and put on some dry clothes.

THE OWL

wits belfry whirring dumb dew



When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN — I

knocked	oddest	fierce	trap
drowned	dozens	tawny	tune
brawny	heel	music	lean
thousand		husbands	

Over the sea there is a little town called Hamelin. The town is just like other towns.

But once the strangest thing took place in this little town. It came about in this way.

More rats than anybody had ever before seen came to town. Every house was filled with them.

They were big and fierce. They were so strong that

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles.

At last the people of Hamelin could stand the rats no longer, so they went to the Head Man of the town.

They said, "Sir, these rats are eating everything in our houses!

You must drive them away. You really must."

"How can I drive them away?" asked the Head Man. "I wish I had a trap big enough and strong enough to catch them. I would give all the gold we have in our town for such a trap.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just then some one knocked at the Head Man's door.

He was afraid that it was a big rat, but at last he called out, "Come in!"

In walked the very queerest man ever seen in the town of Hamelin. His clothes were as strange as the man.

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red:
And he himself was tall and thin
With sharp blue eyes, . . . each like a pin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.

"I am the Pied Piper," said the queer man. "Give me a thousand pieces of gold and I will run every rat out of town."

"A thousand!" said the Head Man. "I'll give you five thousand."



Then the oddest smile went over the Piper's face. He put a pipe to his lips and played a merry tune.

What a strange thing happened! In a minute all the rats in town came running to the Piper. There were

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats.

They came one at a time, and they came in families by tens and dozens, —

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.

Down to the river went the Piper. Behind him came the rats. The music drew them into the river, where they were drowned.

How glad the people were! They clapped their hands. They danced with joy.

“Get poles,” said the Head Man, “and punch out the nests. Leave no places for the rats to live in. Stop up every crack. Let them stay where they have gone.”

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN — II

opened	cheeks	crowd
forced	flaxen	fifty
pearls	patter	

Back from the river came the Piper.

“Give me my thousand pieces of gold,”
he said to the Head Man.

"A thousand pieces of gold!" cried he.
"That is too much. Here, take fifty."

"Don't make me angry," said the Piper.
"I can play in a way that you will not like at all."

"Oho!" said the Head Man. "Who cares for you? The rats cannot come back. Do your worst. Blow your pipe there till you burst."

Then the queer smile came over the Piper's face again. In a minute he was out in the street once more. In a minute his pipe was at his lips. A few sweet, low notes were heard.

Then the Head Man wished that he had given the Piper all the gold in the town. He heard the patter of little feet, and he stood like a stone.

Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls.



With shouts of joy the children followed the Piper. The music drew them as it did the rats.

The Head Man and all the people were so frightened that they could not

. . . move a step or cry

To the children merrily skipping by —

And could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

Straight toward the river went the Piper. Then he turned toward a great hill at one side of the town.

The people thought that the hill would stop the Piper. They said,

“He never can cross that mighty top;

He's forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop!”

But no! the side of the hill opened. A wonderful and beautiful door was seen.

Gladly the children followed the Piper through the beautiful door into a happy land beyond.

After the children were gone the Head Man sent men everywhere to look for the Piper. "Give him all the gold he wants," said he, "if he will come back and bring the children behind him."

But the promise to the Piper had been broken, and he and the children stayed in their beautiful land.

ONE AND ONE¹

elbows	chin	darling	eyelids
double	cast	meekly	folded
angels	guard	kneel	span
dimpled		chubby	

Two little girls are better than one ;
 Two little boys can double the fun ;
 Two little birds can build a fine nest ;
 Two little arms can love mother best ;
 Two little ponies must go to a span ;
 Two little pockets has my little man, —

¹ From *Rhymes and Jingles*. Copyright, 1874, 1894. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes on two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in,
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long.
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day, —
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down, —
And two little angels guard him in bed,
“One at the foot, and one at the head.”

MARY MAPES DODGE



THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND
THE BEAN

scorched	puzzled	thread
replied	death	sewed
certain	tailor	heat

Once upon a time there was an old woman who lived in a village. One day she went into her garden to gather some beans for her dinner.

She had a good fire, but to make it burn more quickly she threw on a handful of straw.

As she threw the beans into the pot to boil, one of them fell on the floor not far from a bit of straw.

Suddenly a bright red coal bounded out of the fire and fell near the straw and the bean.

They both started away and cried: "Dear friend, don't come near me till you are cooler. What brings you out here?"

"Oh," replied the coal, "the heat made me so strong that I was able to bound from

the fire. Had I not done so, my death would have been certain, and I should have died by this time."

"If the old woman had put me in the pot with my friends, I should have been boiled to broth," said the bean.

"I might have been burned," said the straw, "for all my brothers were pushed into the fire and smoke by the old woman. She put fifty of us in a bunch, but I slipped through her fingers."

"Well, now, what shall we do with ourselves?" asked the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "we may as well go away together to some more friendly country."

The two others agreed to do this, so they started on their journey.

After a while they came to a stream over which there was no bridge.

They were puzzled to know how to get over to the other side.

Then the straw said, "I will lay myself across the stream, so that you two can step over me, as if I were a bridge."

So the straw stretched himself from one shore to the other.

The coal stepped out quite bravely on the newly built bridge. But when he reached



the middle of the stream and heard the water rushing under him, he was greatly frightened.

He stood still and dared not move a step farther. Then a sad thing happened.

The straw was scorched in the middle by the heat still in the coal.

It broke in two and fell into the brook. The coal fell after it into the water.

The bean had stayed behind on the shore. When she saw what had happened she laughed so hard that she burst.

She would have been worse off than her friends were had not a tailor come to rest by the brook.

He saw the bean, and, being a kind-hearted man, he took a needle and thread out of his pocket.

Taking up the bean, he sewed her together. She thanked him very much.

He had only black thread with which to sew the bean, so ever since that time some beans have a black mark down their backs.

From All the Year Round

THE JACKET

spun	bought	weaver	trade	loom
plies	coarse	carded	dyer	tight
shears	merchant	shuttle	sooth	wove

“Tailor, tailor, tell me true,
Where did you get my jacket of blue?”

“I bought the cloth, little Master mine,
From the merchant who sells it coarse and
fine.

I cut it out with my shears so bright,
And with needle and thread I sewed it
tight.”

“Merchant, merchant, tell me true,
Where did you get the cloth so blue?”

“The cloth was made, little Master mine,
Of woolen threads so soft and fine.
The weaver wove them together for me;
With loom and shuttle his trade plies he.”

“ Weaver, weaver, speak me sooth,
Where got you the threads so soft and
smooth ? ”

“ From wool they ’re spun, little Master
mine,

The spinner carded the wool so fine.
She spun it in threads, and brought it to me,
Where my sounding loom whirs cheerily.”

“ Spinner, spinner, tell me true,
Where got you the wool such things to do ? ”

“ From the old sheep’s back, little Master
dear,

The farmer he cut it and washed it clear ;
The dyer dyed it so bright and blue,
And brought it to me to spin for you.”

“ Now tailor and merchant and weaver too,
And spinner and farmer, my thanks to you !
But the best of my thanks I still will keep
For you, my good old woolly-backed sheep.”

LAURA E. RICHARDS

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

wisp	treat	none	crow
thief	plum	shame	stir
	bobolink		

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?”

“Not I,” said the cow. “Moo-oo!
Such a thing I’d never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did n’t take your nest away.
Not I,” said the cow. “Moo-oo!
Such a thing I’d never do.”

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?”

“ Bob-o’-link ! bob-o’-link !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day ? ”

“ Coo-coo ! coo-coo ! coo-coo !
Let me speak a word too !
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast ? ”

“ Not I,” said the sheep ; “ oh, no !
I would n’t treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa ! baa ! ” said the sheep ; “ oh, no !
I would n’t treat a poor bird so.”

“ To-whit ! to-whit ! to-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ? ”

“ Bob-o’-link ! bob-o’-link !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day ? ”



“ Coo-coo ! coo-coo ! coo-coo !
Let me speak a word too !
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast ? ”

“ Caw ! caw ! ” cried the crow ;
“ I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird’s nest to-day ? ”

“ Cluck ! cluck ! ” said the hen ;
“ Don’t ask me again.
Why, I have n’t a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
Cluck ! cluck ! ” . said the hen ;
“ Don’t ask me again.”

“ Chirr-a-whirr ! chirr-a-whirr !
All the birds make a stir !
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, ‘ For shame ! ’ ”

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast ;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did n’t like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

THE LITTLE ROSALIE

rhyme humming velvet

A little leaf from the rose's heart!
And a little pen of pearl,
To write a little bit of a rhyme
For a little bit of a girl:
A rhyme for the little humming-bird,
And the little honey-bee,
And for all that sing to the flowers of spring,
For the little Rosalie.

The violet's dyes are in her eyes,
The violet's velvet in
The dainty dimples about her mouth,
The dimple upon her chin,
And never a nectar humming-bird
And never a honey-bee
May ever sing to a sweeter thing
Than our little Rosalie.

F. O. TICKNOR

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

VOWELS

ā as in fāte	ī as in īdea	ū as in ūp
ā " senāte	ī " īt	ū " fūr
ă " făt	ī " sīr	u " rŭle
ä " ärm	ī " machīne	u " pŭll
ʌ " ʌll	ō " ōld	ȳ " flȳ
ʌ " ʌsk	ō " ōbey	ȳ " mȳself
ʌ " whʌt	ö " nőt	ȳ " babȳ
â " câre	o " mōve	ȳ " mȳrh
ē " mēte	o " wɔlf	au " author
ē " ēvent	ó " són	aw " saw
ē " mēt	ô " hōrse	ew " new
ē " hēr	ō " wōrk	oi " boil
ê " thêre	oo " fōod	oy " boy
e " obey	oo " fōöt	ou " out
ee " feēt	ū " ūse	ow " cow
i " īce	ū " ūnite	

CONSONANTS

c (unmarked) as in call	ş (= z)	as in iş
ç " miçe	sh	" shall
ch (unmarked) " child	si (= sh)	" tension
çh " çhaise	şi (= zh)	" vişion
eh (= k) " sehool	th (unmarked)	" thin
ci (= sh) " gracious	th	" then
g (unmarked) " go	ti (= sh)	" motion
ğ (= j) " cage	wh (= hw)	" what
ng " ring	x (unmarked)	" vex
n (= ng) " in <u>k</u>	ş (= gz)	" ex <u>ʃ</u> act
ph (= f) " phant <u>o</u> m	z	" zone
qu (= kw) " quit		

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, ʌ, ȳ, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST

ā'ble	bäck'wards	bläck'smĭth	bŭg
āehe	băd ⁽⁸⁾	blăst	buĭlt
à cröss'	băg	blāze	bumped
à gainst' ⁽⁸⁾	bāit	blōw	bunch ^(t)
à grēed'	bāk'ing	bōb'ō lĭnk	bŭrst
āim	bănk	boil'ing	buŷ
âir	bärk	bōne	
ăl'phă bêt	bärş	bōn'nět	cākes
al'sô	bāthe	bōot	căn'dŷ
à mông'	bēan	bōrn	căp
ān'gĕlş	bēasts	bōth	cărd'ĕd
ăn'gĕr	bēa'vĕrş	bōt'tle	că rĕss'
ăn'grŷ	bĕg	bōt'tôm	căr'rŷ
ăn'vĭl	bĕl'frŷ	bōught	căst
an'ŷ ⁽⁸⁾	bĕ lĕve'	bowed	caught
ā'prôn	bĕl'lōws	bōx	cāve
ărms	bĕ lōw'	brăss	çĕnts
ărt'ĭsts	bĕ sĭde'	brāve	çĕr'tăin
à shāmed'	bĕst	brawn'ŷ	cheĕks
à shōre'	bĕ twĕen'	brĕath	chĕr'rĭeş
au'tŭmn	bĕ yōnd'	brĭdge	chĭm'neŷ
ăx	bĭnd	brōth	chĭn
	bĭt	bruĭsed	chĭps

chīš'ěl	cōurt'yārd	dī'ā mōnd	ēar'ly
chōked	cōurse	dīed	ēarth
chōpped ^(t)	coŭs'ins	dīf'fēr ġnt	ēas'ī ěr
chŭb'bŷ ^(t)	cōv'ēr	dīg	ēdge
chŭrch	crāck	dīm'pled	ěl'bōws
clāpped	crā'dle	dīp'-nēt	ěl'ē phant
clāsp'ing ^(t)	crāsh'ing	dīpped ^(t)	ěmp'tŷ
clēan	crēa'tŭre	dīrt'ŷ	ěnd
clōse	crēpt	dōc'tōr	ē nough'
clōse	crīck'ěts	dōll'ies	ē'ven ^(t)
clōthes	crōss	dōne	ē'ven ing
clōth'ing	crōw	dōn'keŷ	eŷe'lids
	crowd	dōor	fāce
clouds	crown	doŭ'ble	fāil
cōal	cru'ěl	dōugh	fāl
cōarse	crŭst	dōz'ens	fām'ī ly
cōld	crŷ'ing	drāg'gīng	fā'mōus
cōmb	cŭrls	drānk	fānned
cōn tēnt'	cŭr'tains	drēad'ful	fā'thēr
cōok	dāin'tŷ	drēamed	fēath'ěrs
cōol	dān'dē lī ōn	drōpped ^(t)	fēe'ble
cōons	dāre	drowned	fēel
cōr'al	dār'līng	dŭll	fēet
cōr'nēr	dārt	dŭmb	fēlt
cō'sī ly	daugh'tēr	dwarfs	fēnce
cōt'tāge	dēath	dŷ'ēr	few
cōughed ^(t)	dew		fie

fiērce	frīght'ened	hēard	jäck'ět
fif'tỹ	fün'nỹ	heärt	jōkes
file		hēav'en	joûr'neỹ
fīn'gērş	gāte'pōst	hēav'ỹ	joy
fire	gāy	hēel	
fīsh'ēr mæn	gēese	hērd	kīll
fīsh'īng	gēn'tle	hīd	kīng
fīt'tēd	gīft	hīd'den	kīssed
flāshed ^(t)	glōw'īng	hīgh	kīтч'ēn ^(t)
flāx'en	gōdş	hīgh'ēst	kītes
flēa	gōt	hīll	kneēl
flew	grāss'-	hīm sēlf'	knōcked ^(t)
flōat'īng	hōp pēr	hīss	
flōck	grāy	hōok	lā'dỹ
flūt'tēred	grew	hōp	lānd
fōld'ēd	growl	hōrnş	lān'guāge ^(w)
fōl'lōw	guārd	hour	lāp
fōol'īsh	gūnş	hūm'mīng	lārgē
fōot		hūn'drēd	lārk
fōrçed ^(t)	hālf	hūng	lāte
fōr'ēsts	hām'mēr	hūr'rỹ	lāugh'īng ^(t)
fōr'gēs	hāp'pen	hūs'bānds	lā'zỹ
fowlş	hārd'lỹ	īn dēed'	lēan
fōx	hārk	īn sīde'	lēaped ^(t)
frēe	haul	īn stēad'	lēarn
frēeze	hēad	ī'ron ^(ūrn)	lēd
frēsh	hēar	īt sēlf'	

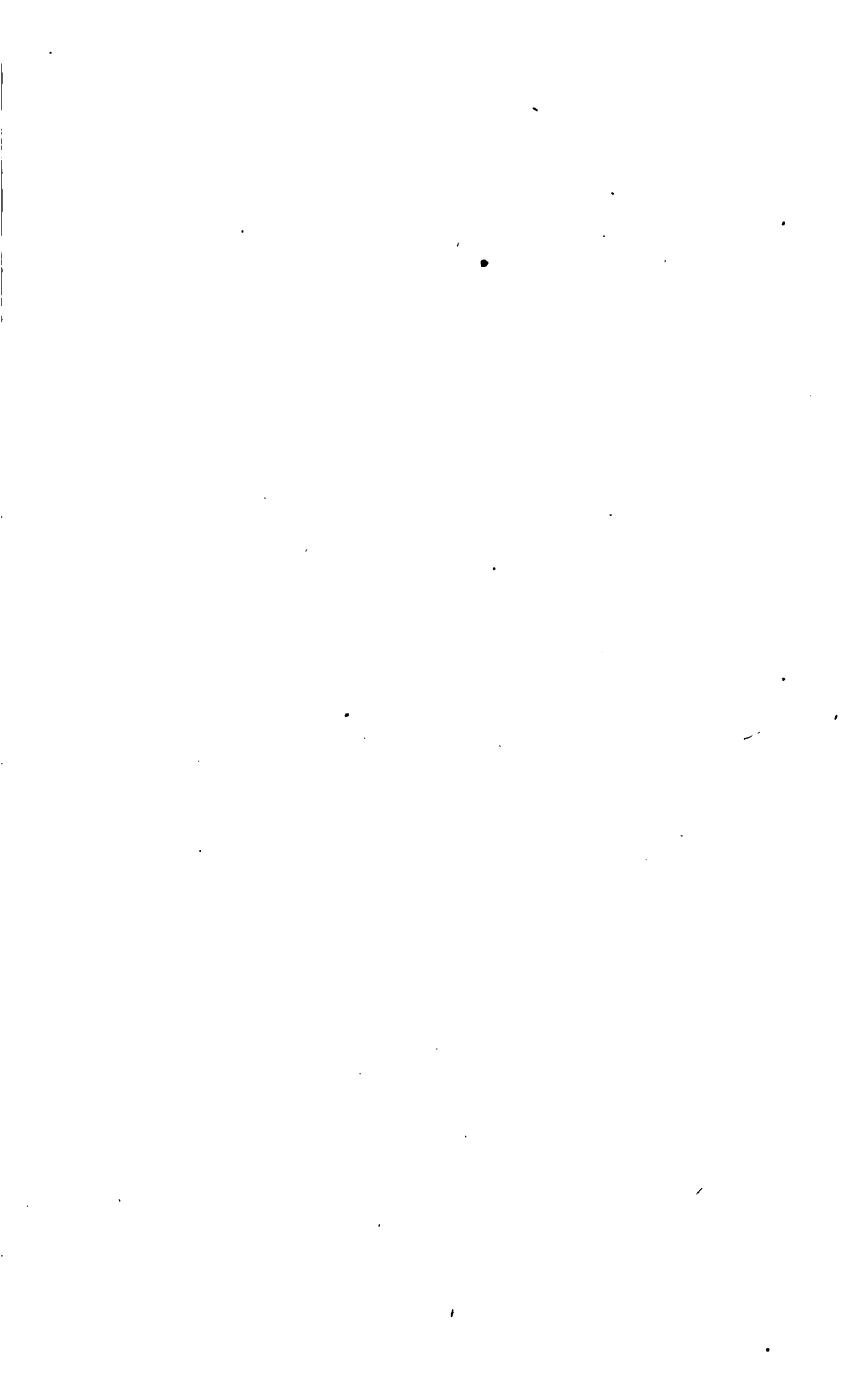
lěg	māsts	nāīl	pāin
lěg'ënd	māt'těr	nāp	pāint'ing
lēs'son	mēan	naugh'ty	pāl'āce
licked	měant	něck	pān
lie ^(t)	měd'ī çīne	nēed	pān'try
līmp'ing	mēek'ly	nēi'thěr	pār'ty
līn'den	mělt	něxt	pāss
līne	měr'chant	nīce	pāt'těr
lī'ón	měr'rý	nōd'děd	paw
līps	mīd'dle	nōne	pāy
līs'ten	mīght	nōon	pēa
lōad	mīld	nôr	pēarlş
lōaf	mīll	nôrth	pēn
lōdg'ēs	mīnd	nôth'ing	pēr hāps'
lōne'ly	mīn'ute ⁽ⁿ⁾	nūm'běr	pěts
lōom	mīss	nūrse	pīck
loud	mōd'ěl		pīck'ing
lōw	mōn'eý	ō'cean	pīēce
lūck	mōnthş	^(sh)	pīed
lūlled	mōss	ōdd'ěst	pīg'skīn
lūmp	mōst	ōn'ly	pīle
	moun'taīnş	ō'pened	pīnş
mā'am	mouth	ôr	pī'pěr
mān'něrs	mōve	ôught	plāce
mār'ble	mūd	ôv'en	plāin
mārک	mūl tī plī-	owl	plān'nīng
mār'kět	cā'tiōn	ōwn	plīeş
mās'těr	mū'sīc	ōx	plow'ing

plůck	rāin'bōw	sā lūte'	shŭt
plŭm	rēach'ing	sānk	shŭt'tle
pock'ěts	rēad'ŷ	sau'čěr	sīde
point'ěd	reīn'dēer	sāved	sīght
pōle	rē wārd'	scōrched	sīgn
pō lite'lŷ	rhŷme	scŭlp'tōr ^(t)	sīl'vēr
pōl'lěn	rīch	sēa	sīr
pōnd	rīght	sē'crěts	sīr'ŭp
pōp'pŷ	rīng	sēek	sīt'ting
pounced ^(t)	rīse	sēlf'ish	skīns
prāyer	rīv'ěrŷ	sěrv'ants	skīp'pīng
pret'tī ěr ^(t)	rōad	sewed ^(t)	skīrts
prīn'çess	rōar	shāde	slīde
prōm'ised ^(t)	rōbe	shāk'ing	slīpped ^(t)
proud	rōd	shāme	slōw'lŷ
pul	rōde	shāpe	směl
pŭnch	rōll'ing	shāpe	smīth
pŭn'ish	rōost'ěr	shēars	smōke
pushed ^(t)	rŭbbed	shēlf	smōoth
pŭz'zled	rŭde	shēll	snāke
	ru'ined	shīp	snout
	rŭshed ^(t)	shōd	sōl'diěrs ^(d)
		shōne	sōn
quāck	sād	shōok	sōng
quēen	sāfe'lŷ	shōp	sōoth
quēer	sāil	shōul'děr	sōre
quīck'lŷ	sāil'ōr	shout	sōr'ry
quī'ět	salt	shōwn	

sound	stōl'en	tā'ble	tóngue
spān	stōne'cūt tēr	tāg	tōp'knōt
spār'kle	stōnes	tāi'lōr	tōssed
spār'klīng	stōōd	taught	^(t) touched
spēak	stōop	taw'nŷ	^(t)
spēar	stōrm'ŷ	tēa	tō'ward
spēc'kled	strāight	tēach	⁽⁸⁾ town
splāsh	strānge	tēa/spōōn	trāde
splēn'dīd	straw	tēr'rā pīnŷ	trāp
spoiled	strēam	thēm sēlves'	trēat
spōke	strēet	thiēf	tricks
spōn'gēs	strētch	thīn	trōt'tēd
spōt	strike	thīngs	trōūb'le
sprāng	stripped	thōrn	true
sprēad	^(t) stūm'bled	thōught	trūnks
spūn	stūmp	thou'sands	tūne
squāre	stūng	thrēad	tūrn
squēaled	sūd'dēn lŷ	thrōat	tūr'tles
stāck	sūp pōse'	througħ	tūsks
stall	sure'lŷ	thrōw	twīce
stānd'īng	^(sh)	thūmp	
stāred	sūr prīse'	thūn'dēr	ūg'lŷ
stārt'ēd	swal'lōwed	tīght	ūn tīl'
stāt'ūes	swāy'īng	tīm'id	ū'sū ǎl lŷ
stēē'ple	swēpt	tīn	^(zh)
stēp	swīft'lŷ	tī'nŷ	
stīng	swīm	tīred	vāl'leŷ
stīr	swīng'īng	tō-mōr'rōw	vāne

vě 'vět	wēak	wīde	wōre
view	wēa'rŷ	wīg'wamŷ ^(b)	wōrld
vīl'lāge	wēath'ěr	wīn'dōw	wōrn
vīŷ'īt	wēav'ěr	wīnk	wōrse
voīce	wēē	wīse	wōve
wāde	wēt	wīts	wrīn'kled
wāits	whěn ē'er'	wom'an	wrōng
wāk'ened	whīr'ring	wōn	yēt
walŷ	whīs'pěred	wōn'děr fūl	yoūth
washed ^(t)	whoŷe	wōrd	





To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M-9-39

--	--	--

01 A 4212

TX
428
H6
bk.

BALCONY COLLECTION
CURRICULUM LIBRARY

LIBRARY, SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, STANFORD

588476



